The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 117. Vol. XX. JUNE, 1901. Price Sixpence.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* June *will be noticed in the* July *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th July *in the* August *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

A sensational lawsuit is in progress between Messrs. Pearson Ltd. and Mr. Hall Caine. Mr. Hall Caine's serial story, "The Eternal City," was bought for the *Lady's Magazine*. At the time the purchase was concluded the story had only been partially written. Messrs. Pearson have thought it their duty to discontinue the publication, and they claim damages from the author. It will be seen that most important and vital questions are raised, and the issue will be watched with the keenest interest. We believe the story will be published shortly in book form by Mr. Heinemann.

Dr. Conan Doyle is to revive Sherlock Holmes in the September *Strand*. He is working in conjunction with Mr. Fletcher Robinson, of the *Daily Express*. The book will take the form not of short stories but of a novel, and may extend to some 50,000 words, about half of which is ready. No reference is made to Sherlock Holmes' death, it being simply assumed that one of his earlier experiences is being described. Dr. Conan Doyle has held out long against the most flattering offers, but he has been overcome at last, and all the reading public will be glad to hear it.

We hear that it is the Garrick Theatre that has been selected as the house at which Mr. Rudyard Kipling's dramatisation of his "Jungle Books" is to be produced in December next. It is probable that the play will be produced simultaneously in New York.

Messrs. D. Appleton and Co., of New York, are just about to issue "subscription" editions of the works of Dr. Conan Doyle and Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins. Each author's works will probably make twelve or more volumes, which will no doubt be as sumptuously produced as the volumes in Messrs. Scribners' "Outward Bound" edition of the works of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. It is greatly to the credit of Messrs. A. P. Watt and Son, the agents of all three authors, that they should have been able to reconcile the interests of the various publishers—and they are many—of the ordinary editions of the works so as to permit of Messrs. Scribner and Messrs. Appleton issuing the complete works of these authors in so desirable a form.

Mrs. Harrison is, we believe, just upon the point of completing the manuscript of her new novel, "The History of Sir Richard Calmady." It promises to be one of the longest, if not the longest, novel which Messrs. Methuen and Co. have so far published.

We understand that the title of the novel by the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden," that Messrs. Macmillan and Co. are to publish in the autumn, is to be "The Benefactress."

At the commencement of the war, Messrs. Dickinsons, the well-known paper manufacturers, who have a large branch in Johannesburg, shut up their establishment in that town, and locked up their warehouse, intending not to reopen until the termination of the present war. They then expected to reap the benefit on account of the scarcity of stationery in the city. The Government have forestalled them, as, being hard up for these commodities, they commandeered the whole stock.

There have been many books published on experiences during the South African War. A few have been well done and interesting; but the majority bear marked signs of having been rushed through, and have failed to interest the public. The latest addition that we hear has been secured by the London publisher is, however, likely to attract much interest if it is well done. It is no less than what purports to be the chronicles of a man who has been through the campaign with De Wet up to within the last six weeks. Perhaps we shall now learn something of how the famous guerilla commander has been able to elude the vigilance of the British Army.

On account of the great popularity attained by Mr. Winston Churchill's novel, "Richard Carvel," which in England and America exceeded the sale of 400,000 copies, Messrs. Macmillan and Co. printed a very large edition of his new work, "The Crisis," which large edition, however, was all sold some days before the date of publication, and another equally large edition has had to be printed.

Mr. Henry Savage Landor's new work, entitled "China and the Allies," just published in two handsome volumes by Mr. Heinemann, contains over a quarter of million of words. There are, as well, 300

illustrations and maps. Since he returned from China, a little over three months ago, Mr. Landor has produced the whole of this prodigious work, writing the book as well as drawing the maps and illustrations. He reckons that, on an average, he has worked nearly eighteen hours a day. All the photographs of fighting were taken on the spot by the author, who has several times been under heavy Maxim fire. Mr. Landor evidently bears a charmed life, as he escaped through the whole of the Chinese campaign without a scratch, although he was one of the first to enter the Forbidden City.

Some time ago, Birthday Books were all the rage. The fashion, however, seems to have slackened down considerably during the last few years. Messrs. Chatto and Windus are producing what may be termed the reverse of a Birthday Book. It is to be entitled "In Memoriam," and has verses appropriate to the dead, for every day in the year, with space left to write the names of deceased relatives and friends. Another object of the book is to provide people with suitable quotations to place upon "In Memoriam" cards.

Mr. Harold Bindloss, who some time ago published, through Messrs. Chatto and Windus, a successful South African novel, entitled "Ainslie's Ju-Ju," has in hand another work of fiction on quite a different subject. Mr. Bindloss has spent a great number of years in Canada, and the subject of his new work is a love story, told in the first person. It deals with the struggles of an English grower who rose to affluence on the Canadian prairie. There are also several episodes in connection with mining in British Columbia. The title of the work is "A Sower of Wheat."

As a rule Mr. George Manville Fenn's books are of a highly exciting and adventurous turn. He has, however, in his new work, called "The Canker Worm," to be published in the autumn by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, appealed, we understand, this time to women, the story being one of love and passion.

The Stock Exchange the other day celebrated its first centenary, and Mr. Grant Richards is producing what is sure to be a most interesting work, dealing with the history of the house from its first inception in Change Alley. It also gives a graphic account of its customs, traditions, booms, hoaxes, and panics. There is also a highly interesting portion of the book devoted to the present position of the institution. Mr. Charles Duguid is the author, and Mr. Joseph Pennell and Mr. Dudley Hardy have contributed the illustrations.

Mr. Harold Begbie's new novel, "The Fall of the Curtain," will be published by Mr. Grant Richards on June 11th. We understand that the Bowen Merrill Co. have secured the American rights of this work.

Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co. are adding to their 2s. Minerva Library Mr. R. K. Douglas's well-known work, "Society in China." Mr. Douglas has greatly added to the interest of this book by writing a graphic account of the recent stirring events in that part of the world.

Particulars have been published of the *Daily News*, from which it appears that the paper is owned by a company called the *Daily News*, Limited, which was registered on January 24th last, with a capital of £200,000. There were originally allotted 86,620 shares; but the comparatively recent allotment of a further 750 shares has brought the number up to 87,370. The shareholders are:—

	SHARES
Thomasson, John Pennington, cotton spinner, Woodside, Bolton	20,000
Cadbury, George, cocoa merchant, Bournville, Birmingham	20,000
Lehmann, Rudolph Chambers, journalist and J.P., Fieldhead, Bourne End	10,000
Leon, Herbert Samuel, J.P., Bletchley Park, Bucks	10,000
Reckitt, Harold James, M.P., Winestead Hall, Hull	2,000
Reckitt, James, Bart., Swanland Manor, Brough	3,000
Evans, William, tea merchant, Overdale, Hagley Road, Birmingham	3,000
Lloyd-George, David, solicitor, 63, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.	1,000
Duckworth, James, merchant, Castlefield, Rochdale	2,000
Wickham, Edward Charles, the Very Rev. Dean, The Deanery, Lincoln	100
Balston, William Edward, Barvin Northon, Hertfordshire	5,000
Kitchen, George William, the Very Rev. Dean, The Deanery, Durham	20
Nuttall, Harry, merchant, 2, Albert Street, Manchester	1,000
Leaf, Herbert, assistant-master, The College, Marlborough	500
Davies, Timothy, mercer, Pantycelyn, Putney	1,000
Unwin, Thomas Fisher, publisher, 10, Hereford Square, South Kensington	1,000
Wedderburn, William, Bart., Meredith, Gloucester	1,000
Sidgwick, Arthur, college tutor, 64, Bostock Road, Oxford	500
Ogden, Henry Joseph, West Point, Harold Road, Upper Norwood	2,000
Bowring, W. B., 18, Water Street, Liverpool	500
Stanhope, Philip James, the Hon., care of Messrs. Coutts and Co., 59, Strand	2,000
Buxton, Noel Edward (director of Truman and Co., brewers), Brick Lane, E.	1,000
Allotted March 19:—	
Thomasson, Franklin, cotton spinner, Arden Lea, Bolton	250
Allotted April 17:—	
Naoroji, Dadabhai, Washington House, 72, Anerley Park, S.E.	500

According to the particulars filed at Somerset House, the purchase price was £60,000, and the preliminary expenses £1,874 6s. 10d. The directors of the company are:—

Cadbury, G., cocoa merchant, Bournville, Birmingham.
Leon, Herbert Samuel, J.P., Bletchley Park, Buckinghamshire.
Reckitt, Harold James, M.P., Winestead Hall, Hull.
Lloyd-George, David, solicitor, 63, Queen Victoria Street.
Duckworth, James, merchant, Castlefield, Rochdale.
Thomasson, Franklin, cotton spinner, Arden Lea, Heaton, Bolton.

In Mr. Harold Gorst's new book (to be published on June 4th), "The Curse of Education," the author propounds what he considers to be a more rational system. The present methods he pronounces to be conven-

tional and mechanical, whereby every pupil is subjected to a common process, regardless of natural bent. Natural development and self-culture, he argues, are hindered instead of encouraged.

Mr. William Allison, M.A., who, we believe, some years ago was editor of a weekly journal called the *St. Stephen's Review*, is about to publish an important work on the British thoroughbred horse. Mr. Allison has had a lifelong practical experience of the subject. The book will be fully illustrated.

Mr. Kernahan's new volume of essays, "Wise Men and a Fool," which was published in the middle of April, has gone into a third edition. Messrs. Brentano have secured the rights of this book for the United States.

Mr. Francis Gribble has written a book on "Lake Geneva and its Literary Landmarks." It will be published by Messrs. Constable next month. In his preface Mr. Gribble says:—

> What I have tried to write is an informal, anecdotal history of Geneva, with especial reference to the careers of the many eminent men of letters, natives or strangers, who have lived or sojourned there. Every Continental traveller—and we are all Continental travellers nowadays—finds his way sooner or later to Geneva; and it occurred to me that such travellers might be glad of a book which reminds them of what was most worth remembering about Bonivard, Calvin, Beza, Voltaire, Rousseau, Madame Necker, Madame de Stael, Horace Benedict de Saussure, and other celebrated men and women, whether citizens or resident aliens, whose names are associated with the City and the Lake.

Messrs. Constable have accepted a new story by Gabriel Setoun, entitled "The Skipper of Barn Craig." They will publish it in September.

It has been settled that the biography of Miss Yonge is to be published by Messrs. Macmillan.

Mr. J. Storer Clouston intends to dramatise his novels, "The Lunatic at Large" and "The Duke." "The Lunatic at Large," which was published by Messrs. Blackwood, had a large circulation.

Messrs. Constable and Co. publish a new novel, called "Marr'd in Making," by the Baroness von Hutten. The Baroness met four years ago in Italy the late Hubert Crackanthorpe, who encouraged her to write, and sent one of her stories, "A Hero," to the *English Illustrated Magazine*, in which it appeared during the summer of 1897. This was her first appearance in print in England. She was married in April, 1897, at Florence, to Freiherr von Hutten zum Stolzenburg. She is a Pennsylvanian by birth, and last summer spent several months in America. Baroness von Hutten has contributed largely to the *Westminster Gazette* and other journals.

Mrs. Henry Norman has completed a new novel, in which the South African question and Parliament are incidentally treated.

Mr. Levett Yeats is writing a novel for *Cassell's Magazine*. The publication will be commenced in the summer of 1902.

Mr. A. E. W. Mason's play, "Miranda of the Balcony," is to be produced in New York in September.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome has met with a carriage accident, which will incapacitate him for work for a time.

Mr. Barry Pain is writing a new series of stories for the *Windsor Magazine*.

Some new stories by Mr. Kipling are being disposed of amongst editors at present.

Mr. John Lane has just sent to the printer the MSS. of a new novel by Mr. William John Locke, entitled

THE BIRTHPLACE OF DICKENS: NO. 387, COMMERCIAL ROAD, LANDPORT, PORTSEA.

Charles Dickens was born on Friday, the 7th of February, 1812. He was the second son (in a family of eight, six surviving infancy) of Mr. John Dickens, a clerk in the Navy Pay Office at the Dockyard. The name of his mother, previous to her marriage, was Elizabeth Barrow.
("Rambles in Dickens-Land," by R. Allbut. Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. S. T. Freemantle and Co.)

"The Usurpers." Mr. Locke has not published a novel since "The White Dove," that was issued nearly two years ago. He will perhaps be best known as the author of "Derelicts." We understand that the story turns upon the theft of the title deeds of an Australian mine, out of which a fortune is made.

As a proof of the growing popularity of "Omar-Khayyàm," we hear that an illustrated shilling edition, bound in cloth, issued by Mr. John Lane only a few weeks ago, has already sold out 10,000 copies.

Mr. Heinemann is publishing immediately the first volume of a uniform series of the novels of Matilde Serao, Italy's greatest woman novelist. The first

LITTLE CHARLES DICKENS AT THE BLACKING WAREHOUSE.

The Murdstone and Grinby's of "David Copperfield."

"How much I suffered, it is, as I have said already, utterly beyond my power to tell. No man's imagination can overstep the reality. But I kept my own counsel, and I did my work. I knew from the first, that, if I could not do my work as well as any of the rest, I could not hold myself above slight and contempt."

"My rescue from this kind of existence I considered quite hopeless, and abandoned, as such, altogether. I am solemnly convinced that I never for one hour was reconciled to it, or was otherwise than miserably unhappy: but I bore it."—*Fragment of Autobiography in Forster's "Life of Charles Dickens."*

(From "A Week's Tramp in Dickens-Land," by W. R. Hughes. Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall).

will be "The Land of Cockayne," to be followed by "Farewell Love," "Fantasy," "The Conquest of Rome," "Sister Giovanna of the Cross," and "The Ballet Girl."

Mr. Ronald Macdonald, the author of "The Sword of the King," has recently completed the manuscript of a new novel, entitled "God Save the King." It will be issued in book form in the early autumn of this year and simultaneously in America, where it will be issued by the Century Co., the publishers of "The Sword of the King."

Mr. Bertram Mitford's new novel, which is entitled "The Triumph of Hilary Blachland," will be published in book form during the forthcoming autumn season by Messrs. Chatto and Windus. Mr. Mitford, who has recently been staying in Rome, has now returned to London.

Mr. William le Queux, who is at present living in England, has just completed the manuscript of a new novel, entitled "The Bambola." This will be published, in the first instance, serially in *Cassell's Magazine*, and afterwards in book form by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford has arranged with Messrs. Methuen and Co. to issue at an early date a new volume of short stories. The book will be issued simultaneously in America by Messrs. D. Appleton and Co., who, it will be remembered, published Mrs. Clifford's last novel, "A Flash of Summer," with conspicuous success.

"Wyemarke's Adventures on the Yacht Cloud" is the latest addition to Mr. E. H. Cooper's delightful series of Wyemarke books for children. The "Adventures" are to be published serially in a well-known children's periodical, and will afterwards be issued in the more permanent book form.

Mr. A. W. Marchmont's new novel, "In the Name of a Woman," is, we understand, selling well in this country, but in America it bids fair to be one of the really "big sellers." Messrs. Stokes, who publish the American edition of the book, are advertising that it is now in its fifteenth thousand, and that they are selling 1,500 copies a week.

Mr. Daniel Frohman has arranged to produce a dramatised version of Mr. Marchmont's "A Dash for a Throne" in the autumn of this year.

Messrs. Hutchinson are to be the publishers of Mr. George Griffith's new book for boys, entitled "Captain Ishmael."

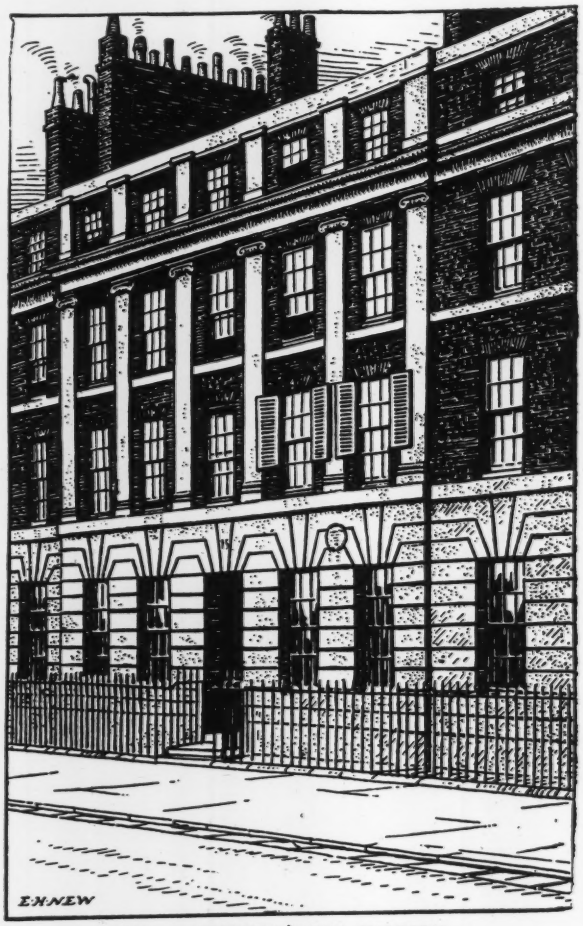
Messrs. Methuen and Co., and Messrs. Frederick A. Stokes Co., of New York, will publish Mrs. Craigie's new novel, "A Serious Wooing," simultaneously on the 3rd of July next.

WHOLESALE REPORTS OF THE BOOKSELLING TRADE.

(1) ENGLAND.

APRIL 20TH TO MAY 18TH, 1901.

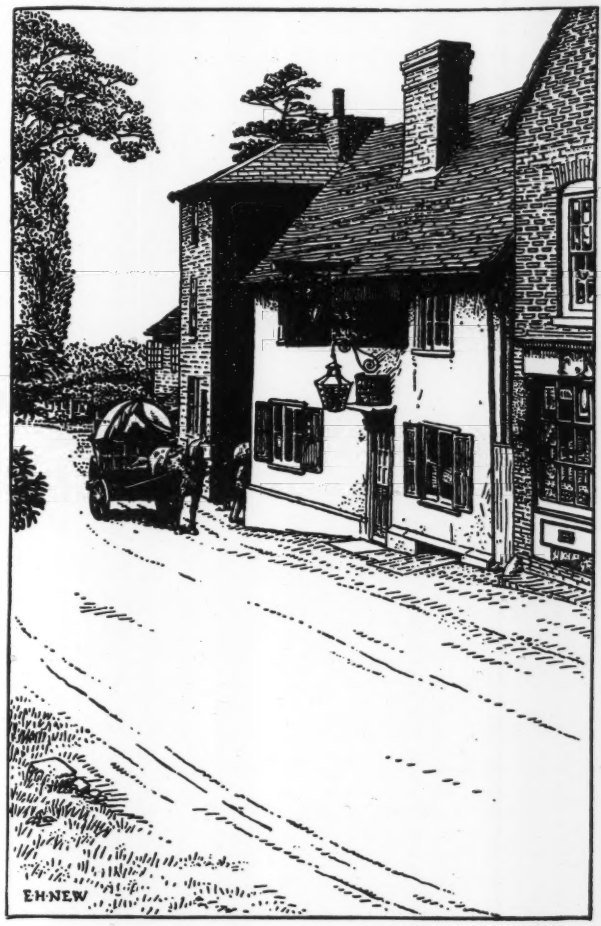
Early during the past month the alternations of slackness and activity which had been so marked a feature of the preceding weeks gave place to a more even tone throughout the whole trade. A very satisfactory amount of business



NO. 15, FURNIVAL'S INN, HOLBORN.

In 1835 Charles Dickens resided in 15, Furnival's Inn, and on March 31st of the following year published the first number of the "Pickwick Papers." On the second day following this notable date, the author married Miss Catherine Hogarth, and for some time the young couple lived in this house in apartments on the top floor.

(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Methuen and Co.)



THE "LEATHER BOTTLE," COBHAM.

"'And really,' added Mr. Pickwick, after half-an-hour's walking had brought them to the village, 'really, for a misanthrope's choice, this is one of the prettiest and most desirable places of residence I ever met with.'

"In this opinion also both Mr. Winkle and Mr. Snodgrass expressed their concurrence; and, having been directed to the 'Leather Bottle,' a clean and commodious village ale-house, the three travellers entered, and at once inquired for a gentleman of the name of Tupman."

(Reproduced from the "Pickwick Papers," by kind permission of Messrs. Methuen and Co.)

has been transacted, a steady and well sustained demand having been experienced in nearly all classes of literature.

The output of fiction has again been very large, and the preponderance of the sales effected has been in the 6s. novel. There has not been any sensational circulation in connection with any particular item, but several of the issues of this and the preceding month, by authors of an established reputation, have attracted much attention, and have sold briskly. "The Eternal Quest," by J. A. Steuart, may be specially noted, and the most popular of this month's output have been "Her Majesty's Minister," by W. Le Queux; "Silver Skull," by S. R. Crockett; "Second Dandy Chater," by Tom Gallon; "The Helmet of Navarre," by Bertha Runkle; "Sirius, and Other Stories," by Ellen T. Fowler; "Understudies," by Mary E. Wilkins; and "A Vanished Rival," by J. B. Burton.

A new volume in the popular Penelope Series, entitled "Penelope's Irish Experiences," has found many admirers.

In 3s. 6d. novels, "The Good Red Earth." by Eden Phillpotts, and "The Fate of Endilloe," by Silas K. Hocking, have both been very successful.

Amatory correspondence galore has been placed upon the market, doubtless a result of the continued prosperity of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters." Several of the volumes are the actual letters of well-known personages, such as Bismarck, Hugo, and De Balzac; but of the volumes of a fictional nature one alone may be mentioned as having sold to any great extent, and that is "Another Englishwoman's Love Letters," which is now in its twenty-third thousand.

The eagerness with which "Five Years of My Life," by Alfred Dreyfus, has been sought after shows no diminished interest in the tragic career of that unfortunate officer. "Five Years in Ireland," by M. J. F. McCarthy, has caused considerable stir, both in the Emerald Isle and in Protestant circles at home, and a whole edition has been exhausted during the past few weeks.

Guide Books have been in request, more especially the Standard Series, such as Murray's and Stanford's, although the Way About Series, so popular with the cycling public, have been much to the front.

With the opening of the Royal Academy came a large demand for the many well-illustrated handbooks to the pictures of the year.

The series of a hundred best pictures now being issued serially has proved most popular, and continues to sell in large numbers.

The most important work in connection with the war has been "The Work of the Ninth Division," by Sir H. E. Colvile.

The especial prominence which the action of the Russian Church towards Tolstoi has recently had in the daily press has resulted in an increased demand for the more popular of his works.

The sale of sixpenny reprints has increased very considerably during the month, and large orders have been received from the colonies as well as from the home districts. The most popular of this month's issues have been "The Heir of Redclyffe," by Miss Yonge; "The Orange Girl," by Sir W. Besant; "Sam's Sweetheart," by Helen Mathers; "The White Company," by Conan Doyle; and "The Skipper's Wooing," by W. W. Jacobs. Many of the former issues have, however, sold very freely.

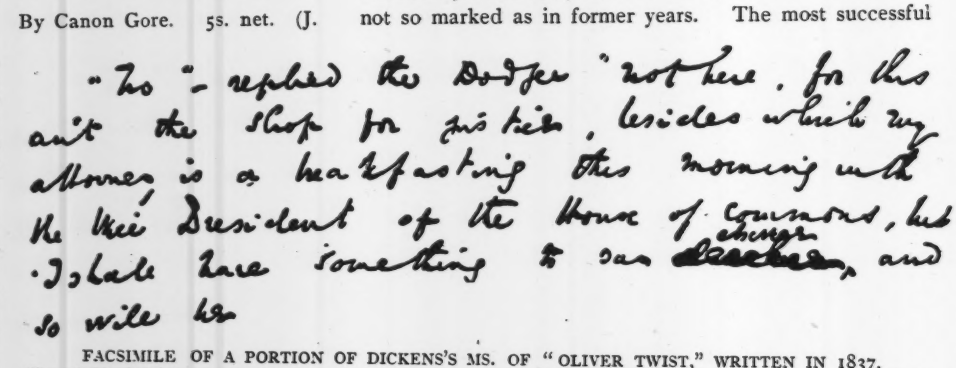
In magazines and periodicals there has been good business done; the *Quarterly Review* has been in constant request, and the "Life of Queen Victoria" by the Marquis of Lorne continues to be one of the most successful of the serials.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand during the past month:—

Babs the Impossible. By Sarah Grand. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
The Eternal Quest. By J. A. Steuart. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Cinders. By Helen Mathers. 6s. (Pearson.)
Her Majesty's Minister. By W. Le Queux. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. By H. Harland. 6s. (Lane.)
The Helmet of Navarre. By Bertha Runkle. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Sirius, and Other Stories. By Ellen T. Fowler. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Second Dandy Chater. By Tom Gallon. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
The Silver Skull. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Visits of Elizabeth. By E. Glyn. 6s. (Duckworth.)
Lysbeth. By Rider Haggard. 6s. (Longmans.)
Jack Raymond. By E. L. Voynich. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Fate of Endilloe. By Silas K. Hocking. 3s. 6d. (Warne.)
The Good Red Earth. By Eden Phillpotts. 3s. 6d. (Arrowsmith.)
Englishwoman's Love Letters. 5s. net. (J. Murray.)
Another Englishwoman's Love Letters. By Barry Pain. 1s. and 2s. (Unwin.)
A Subaltern's Letters to his Wife. 3s. 6d. (Longmans.)

Five Years of my Life. By Alfred Dreyfus. 6s. (Newnes.)
Five Years in Ireland. By M. J. F. McCarthy. 7s. 6d. (Simpkin.)
The Body of Christ. By Canon Gore. 5s. net. (J. Murray.)
Penelope's Irish Experiences. By K. D. Wiggin. 6s. (Gay and Bird.)
The Work of the Ninth Division. By Sir H. E. Colvile. 10s. 6d. net. (E. Arnold.)

Various Guide Books, Royal Academy Pictures in various issues, Tolstoi's Works, Sixpenny Reprints, and several of the serials, more especially V. R. I., by the Marquis of Lorne, and the 100 Best Pictures.



FACSIMILE OF A PORTION OF DICKENS'S MS. OF "OLIVER TWIST," WRITTEN IN 1837.
(From "The Life of Charles Dickens," by John Forster. Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.)

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
April 27—Rather quiet in all departments.
May 4—Somewhat brisker in Home trade. Still quiet in Export.
" 11—Good trade transactions in Home trade. Colonial and Export slightly better.
" 18—Orders very good in both Home and Export.

"BOZ" (CHARLES DICKENS).
From a Lithograph by Weld Taylor. Reproduced from a life-size Drawing by S. Laurence.
"In 1837 the author of 'Pickwick' sat for his portrait to his friend Samuel Laurence, an artist distinguished for his remarkable skill in the art of portrait-sketching."
"The artist has admirably succeeded in rendering with marvellous skill the fire and beauty of the eyes—the sensitiveness and mobility of the mouth."—(F. G. Kitton in "Charles Dickens by Pen and Pencil.")

(2) SCOTLAND.

APRIL 20TH TO MAY 20TH, 1901.

The leading features in the month's business were the large output of sixpenny editions of popular works and the improvement generally in magazine sales. The demand for the former had a decided tendency to fall away on account of the numbers published, and the increase in the latter was accounted for in the decline of war literature.

The immediate popularity of the Glasgow Exhibition gave hopes of a good tourist season, and souvenirs and guide books to all the picturesque districts of Scotland were plentiful.

The various publications in connection with the opening of the Royal Academy came to hand, but their success was not so marked as in former years. The most successful serial work in art literature was undoubtedly "The Hundred Best Pictures," the sales of which exceeded expectations.

A work gaining some attention was "The Century Bible," edited by Professor Adeney, two volumes of which appeared, and in this connection reference may be made to the demand for the volumes of Hastings' "Bible Dictionary," of which three are now issued.

Renewed interest was shown in the celebrated Dreyfus case by the appearance of the volume "Five Years of My Life," with its graphic account of prison life.

The 6s. novels most prominent in the month's business were "The Silver Skull," by Crockett; "Sirius," by Miss Fowler; "Lysbeth," by Rider Haggard; "The Helmet of Navarre," by B. Runkle; "The White Cottage," by "Zack"; and "Her Majesty's Minister," by Le Queux.

Two popular books at 3s. 6d. were "Work," by E. Zola, and "Her Royal Highness Woman," by Max O'Rell; and at 5s. Guy Boothby's "Mystery of Clasped Hands" was even more successful than many of his former ventures.

Although delayed in publication, the Record number of the *Illustrated London News*, depicting Her Majesty's reign, were eagerly purchased, and the sales of "V.R.I." were as large as ever.

Another delightfully humorous volume by Mrs. Wiggin was sure to be popular, and "Penelope's Irish Experiences" fully realised expectations.

The volumes of the Family Story-Teller Series were reckoned the best selling shilling novels; and the following sixpenny re-issues of popular works were the most successful:—"White Company," by Conan Doyle; "Orange Girl," by Besant; "Malcolm," by G. Macdonald; "Heir of Redclyffe," by Charlotte Yonge; "Master of Ballantrae," by Stevenson; and "Rhoda Fleming," by Meredith.

The following is our usual list of best selling books:—

Sirius, and Other Stories. By E. F. Fowler. 6s. (Hodder.)
Mystery of Clasped Hands. By G. Boothby. 5s. (White.)
Lysbeth. By H. Rider Haggard. 6s. (Longman.)
Her Majesty's Minister. By W. Le Queux. 6s. (Hodder.)
Silver Skull. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Dreyfus: Five Years of My Life. 6s. net. (Newnes).
Visits of Elizabeth. By E. Glyn. 6s. (Duckworth.)
Her Royal Highness Woman. By Max O'Rell. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)
Work. By E. Zola. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)
The Helmet of Navarre. By B. Runkle. 6s. (Macmillan.)
The White Cottage. By Zack. 6s. (Constable.)
Pro Patria. By M. Pemberton. 6s. (Ward and Lock.)
In Bad Company. By Rolf Boldrewood. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Babs the Impossible. By Sarah Grand. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

CHARLES DICKENS.

Block engraved by The Exemplar Engraving Coy., 268 Brixton Hill S.W
Printed by The Cranford Press, Chiswick, W.

The Reader.

CHARLES DICKENS.

By F. G. KITTON.

THE asseveration that "Dickens" is "a name to conjure with" seems almost a truism. The innumerable editions of his works so constantly pouring from the press abundantly testify to the continued and unabated popularity of the most famous writer of fiction of the Victorian epoch. As regards the circumstances appertaining to his career—the start in life under harassing conditions, the brilliant success attending his initial efforts in authorship, the manner in which he took the world by storm and retained his grip of the public by the sheer force of genius —there is, I venture to believe, no parallel in the history of Literature. Born in a humble station of life, his early years spent in the midst of an uncongenial (not to say demoralising) environment, his natural gifts, combined with

CHARLES DICKENS IN 1839.

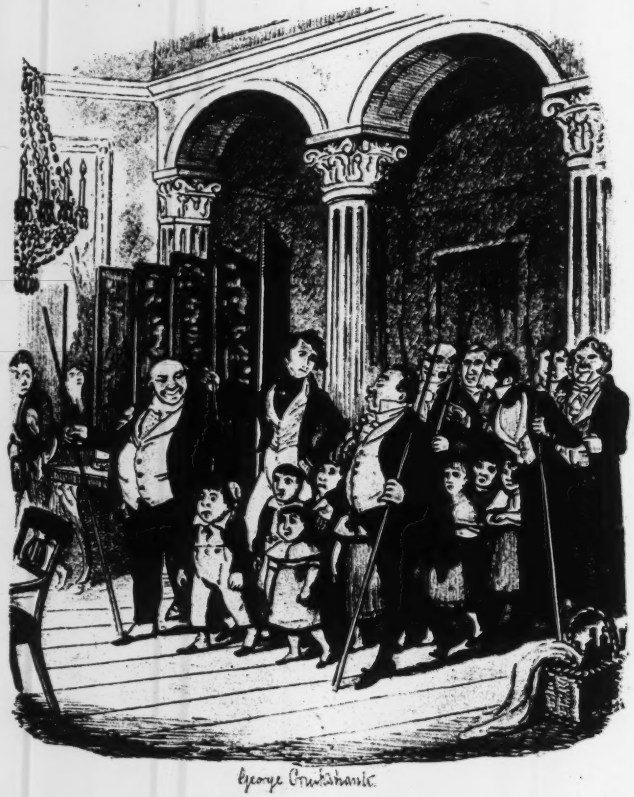
From the picture by Daniel Maclise, A.R.A. Exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1840, and now in the National Gallery.

Thackeray referred to this portrait in terms of the highest praise:—"Here we have the real identical man Dickens; the artist must have understood the inward 'Boz' as well as the outward before he made this admirable representation of him. What cheerful intellectuality is about the man's eyes, and a large forehead! The mouth is too large and full, too eager and active, perhaps; the smile is very sweet and generous."

(From a Photograph by Augustin Rischgitz, The Studios, Linden Gardens, W.)

almost superhuman powers of perseverance, enabled him to overcome obstacles which would have deterred ordinary men, with the result that he rapidly attained the topmost rung of the ladder of fame, and remained there.

Although the leading incidents in the life of Charles Dickens are generally familiar, thanks to the various biographies of him published from time to time, a few facts, briefly stated, will not, I hope, be devoid of interest for readers of THE BOOKMAN. The Novelist first saw the light at No. 387, Commercial Road, Mile End, Landport, in the island of Portsea; like David Copperfield, he was born on a Friday, the natal day being February 7th, 1812. The baptismal register of Portsea Parish Church (St. Mary's, Kingston), where he was christened, records that three names were bestowed upon him, Charles John Huffam, the second being that of his father, and the third the cognomen of his godfather, Christopher Huffam, a "Rigger to his Majesty's Navy," who lived at Limehouse Hole, on the north bank of the Thames. The birthplace in Landport—still existing—is an unpretentious tenement of two storeys, surmounted by a dormer window, and fronted by a small railed-in garden. John Dickens, the father of Charles, had filled a clerical position in the Navy Pay Office, Somerset House, whence he was transferred to a similar post at Portsea. About four years after the birth of Charles (the second child), the Dickens family removed to Chatham, residing there until the boy was eleven years old. It was at Chatham where he first went to school, and where he, being endowed with exceptional powers of observation, imbibed his earliest impressions of humanity, to be subsequently made available as material for his inimitable Sketches.



"PUBLIC DINNERS."

Engraved in facsimile of an etching by George Cruikshank, 1839.

"'Prosperity to the Charity' having been drunk, the stewards (looking more important than ever) leave the room, and presently return, heading a procession of the indigent orphans, boys and girls, who walk round the room, curtseying, and bowing, and treading on each other's heels, and looking very much as if they should like a glass of wine a-piece."—"Sketches by Boz."

Dickens and Cruikshank are easily recognised in this etching. Dickens is the young man in the centre of the picture, and the Artist is he with dark whiskers, seen in profile on the right.

(Reproduced from "Sketches by Boz" (first octavo edition, 1839), by kind permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.)

London, however, was again to be the home of John Dickens—the mighty Metropolis which, with its phantasmagoria of life in its every aspect, its human comedies and tragedies, ever attracted the great writer, whose magic pen revelled in the delineation of them. It was in 1823 that the Dickens family took up their residence in Bayham Street, Camden Town—then the poorest part of the London suburbs. There had come a crisis in the affairs of the elder Dickens which necessitated the strictest economy, and the house in Bayham Street (which may still be seen at No. 141) was nothing but "a mean tenement, with a wretched little back garden abutting on a squalid court." This was the beginning of a sad and bitter experience in the life of Charles Dickens. Here he seemed to fall into a solitary condition, apart from all other boys of his own age, and recalling the circumstances in after years he observed to Forster: "As I thought, in the little back-garret in Bayham Street, of all I had lost in losing Chatham, what would I have given, if I had had anything to give, to have been sent back to any other school, to have been taught something anywhere?" Not only did the exceptionally intelligent lad miss the pleasures of association with his schoolfellows and playmates at Chatham, but he no longer had recourse to the famous books whose acquaintance he had made there—"Don Quixote," "Robinson Crusoe," "The Arabian Nights," *et hoc genus omne*—which, as admirers of his works will remember, he was so fond of quoting. The account given by Forster of the Bayham Street days is painful reading, and we are told that, thus living under circumstances of a hopeless and struggling poverty, the extreme sensitiveness of the boy caused him to experience acute mental suffering. After a short residence in Bayham Street, the family removed their belongings to Gower Street North (the identical house was demolished a few years ago), and an effort was made to bring grist to the mill by an attempt on the part of Mrs. Dickens to start a school for young ladies; but the venture proved abortive, notwithstanding the fact that Charles did his utmost to aid the project by leaving "at a great many doors, a great many circulars," calling attention to the advantages of the establishment. John Dickens's financial difficulties increased, tradesmen became pertinacious in their claims for a settlement of long-standing debts, which could not be met, until at last the father was arrested, and lodged in a Debtors' Prison—events which the Novelist afterwards vividly recalled, and which will be found duly set forth in "David Copperfield." It was at this awkward juncture that some relatives of the family, named Lamert, realising that an opportunity should be given to the poor, neglected lad of earning a livelihood, found him an occupation in their blacking-manufactory (started in opposition to the famous Warren), and here he

earned a few shillings a week by covering and labelling pots of paste-blacking! While infinitely preferable to a state of enforced idleness, under demoralising conditions, the boy's experience during what is usually referred to as "the blacking-bottle period" for ever remained a terrible nightmare, and the Novelist pointedly referred to that unhappy time when, in "David Copperfield," he observed that no one could express "the secret agony" of his soul as he sank into the companionship of those by whom he was then surrounded, and felt his "early hopes of growing up to be a learned and distinguished man" crushed in his breast. In respect of a miserable and neglected boyhood, Alphonse Daudet suffered as did Charles Dickens, and, phœnix-like, both emerged triumphantly from the ashes of what, to them, appeared to be a cruel conflagration of their desires and aspirations. There is no doubt that the ordeal of poverty, with its unhappy accompaniments, had counteracting advantages in the case of Charles Dickens; his natural abilities were sharpened, as well as his powers of observation, his excellent memory enabling him in after years to record those actualities of life which render his books a perpetual joy and delight. Fortunately, brighter days were in store. The elder Dickens (in whom it is easy to detect glimpses of Mr. Micawber) was in a position to send Charles to a reputable school in the Hampstead Road, known as Wellington House Academy (still standing), where he remained two years, and on leaving it he entered another scholastic establishment near Brunswick Square, there completing his studies, rudimentary at the best.

A PORTRAIT OF CHARLES DICKENS IN 1842.

From a Lithograph, after the Drawing by Alfred Count D'Orsay.

"As compared with other portraits belonging to this period, the features look pinched and small, although due justice has been done to the luxuriant hair and the fashionable style of coat and stock peculiar to that day."—F. G. Kitton in "Charles Dickens by Pen and Pencil."

(Reproduced from *The Magazine of Art*, by kind permission of Messrs. Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

The year 1827 proved a memorable one for the subject of this sketch, for then it was that he, in his fifteenth year, "began life," first as a clerk in a lawyer's office in Lincoln's Inn, and then acting in a similar capacity for a firm of attorneys in Gray's Inn, where his weekly salary amounted to something under a sovereign. As was his wont, he made mental memoranda of his environment, noting the manners, customs, and peculiarities of lawyers, their clerks and clients, for the result of which one needs only to turn to the pages of the immortal "Pickwick." His father, who had left the Navy Pay Office, turned his attention to journalism, and at this time had become a newspaper parliamentary reporter. Charles, craving for a similar occupation, in which he believed there might be an opening for greater things, resolutely determined to study shorthand, and became an assiduous attendant at the British Museum. His persevering struggle with the mysteries of stenography were recalled when recording David Copperfield's experience—a struggle resulting in ultimate victory. Following in his father's footsteps, he, at the age of nineteen, succeeded in obtaining an appointment as a reporter in the Press Gallery at the House of Commons, where he was presently acknowledged to be the most skilful shorthand-writer among the many so engaged there.

DICKENS'S FAVOURITE RAVEN.

The original of "Grip" in "Barnaby Rudge." After death the famous bird was stuffed, and when sold at the Dickens Sale it realised £126.

"'I make *him* come?' cried Barnaby, pointing to the bird. 'Him, who never goes to sleep, or so much as winks! Why, any time of night, you may see his eyes in my dark room, shining like two sparks. And every night, and all night too, he's broad awake, talking to himself, thinking what he shall do to-morrow, where we shall go, and what he shall steal, and hide, and bury. *I* make *him* come! Ha, ha, ha!'"—"Barnaby Rudge."

(Reproduced by kind permission of the London Stereoscopic Co.)

Dickens had just attained his majority when, in 1833, he essayed to venture into the realm of Fiction. He has himself related how, one evening at twilight, he stealthily entered "a dark

court" in Fleet Street (it was Johnson's Court), and, with fear and trembling, dropped into "a dark letter-box" the manuscript of his first paper—a humorous sketch entitled, "A Dinner at Poplar Walk" (afterwards called "Mr. Minns and his Cousin"); and how, when it "appeared in all the glory of print," he walked down to Westminster Hall, and turned into it for half-an-hour, because (he explains) his eyes "were so dimmed with joy and pride, that they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there." To this initial effort (which was published in the old *Monthly Magazine*, December, 1833) there is a slight reference in the forty-second chapter of "David Copperfield," where the youthful hero intimates that he "wrote a little something, in secret, and sent it to a magazine, and it was published in the magazine." His journeys across country by coach or postchaise, when reporting for his newspaper (the *Morning Chronicle*), proved invaluable from a literary standpoint, inasmuch as those expeditions by day and night and in all seasons afforded him special opportunities of studying human idiosyncrasies, as he necessarily came into contact with "all sorts and conditions of men." The success of his little paper in the *Monthly Magazine* induced him to try his hand at others, for gratuitous publication in the same journal. They bore no signature until the sixth sketch appeared, when he adopted the curious pseudonym of "Boz;" this had for some time previously been to him a familiar household word, as it was the nickname of his youngest brother, Augustus, whom (in honour of "The Vicar of Wakefield," one of his favourite books) he had dubbed Moses, which being facetiously pronounced

CHARLES DICKENS, HIS WIFE, AND HER SISTER.

From a pencil drawing by Daniel Maclise, R.A., in 1843, a few years after the marriage of Dickens.

(Reproduced from an engraving by C. H. Jeens in Forster's "Life of Charles Dickens," by kind permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.)

"Some people were so full of expectation about their parcels, and other people were so full of wonder about their parcels, and other people were so full of inexhaustible directions about their parcels, and John had such a lively interest in all the parcels, that it was as good as a play."

(Reproduced from "The Cricket on the Hearth," by kind permission of Messrs. Putnam's Sons.)

through the nose became Boses, and being shortened became Boz. The time had now arrived when he considered himself justified in endeavouring to increase his stipend as a reporter for the *Morning Chronicle* by offering to contribute to its pages a similar series of sketches, for which he should be remunerated, and the proposal was acceded to Accordingly, we find several papers, signed "Boz," in the *Evening Chronicle*, an offshoot of the *Morning Chronicle*. Some of his sketches of "Scenes and Characters" (signed "Tibbs") appeared simultaneously in *Bell's Life in London*, and a couple also in "The Library of Fiction," edited by Charles Whitehead. Early in 1836, Dickens collected together a number of these bright little articles and stories, and sold the copyright for £100 to Macrone, who published them in two volumes under the title of "Sketches by Boz."

Although remarkable for their humour and originality, the "Boz" Sketches were presently to be eclipsed by a work which immediately took the world by storm, and upon which the reputation of Dickens securely rests. I allude to the ever-fascinating "Pickwick Papers," and perhaps the most extraordinary circumstance in connection therewith is the fact that the author was then only three-and-twenty, his book rapidly achieving a degree of popularity which we cannot but regard as astounding even in these days of large editions. The "Pickwick Papers" originated in this way. The junior partner of what was then a young publishing house, Messrs. Chapman and Hall (now a

leading London firm), called upon the rising author at his rooms in Furnival's Inn with a proposition that he should furnish the letterpress for a "monthly something" that should be a vehicle for certain sporting plates by a humorous draughtsman named Seymour. The first idea of a sort of Nimrod Club did not appeal to Dickens, for the excellent reason that he was no sportsman, and it was therefore eventually decided that, having agreed to supply the text, he should exercise a free hand, allowing the illustrations to arise naturally from the text. To give a complete "History" of the "Pickwick Papers" would occupy considerable space. Suffice it to say, that the book was issued in shilling monthly parts (1836-37), then a favourite method of publishing novels, and consistently adopted by Dickens; that it was illustrated by means of etchings; that the sale of the first few numbers was so small that both publishers and author were in despair; and that the success of the work was assured as soon as Sam Weller made his first bow to the public,—a character which, by reason of its freshness and originality, called forth such admiration that the sale of ensuing numbers increased until a circulation of forty thousand copies was attained! The creation of Sam Weller, therefore, was the turning-point in Dickens's fortune, and so great became the popularity of the book that the name of "Pickwick" was bestowed by enterprising tradesmen upon their newest goods, while portraits of Dickens himself were in the ascendant. People of every degree, young and old, revelled in the pages of the "Pickwick Papers"—judges on the bench as well as boys in the street—and we are reminded of Carlyle's anecdote of a solemn clergyman who, as he left the room of a sick person to whom he had been administering ghostly consolation, heard the invalid ejaculate, "Well, thank God, 'Pickwick' [the monthly number] will be out in ten days, anyway!"

The identity of the author of "Pickwick," by the bye, was not disclosed until that work was nearly completed. It had given rise to much conjecture until the name of the young writer was at length revealed, when the following "Impromptu" appeared in *Bentley's Miscellany*:—

"Who the *dickens* 'Boz' could be
Puzzled many a learned elf,
Till time revealed the mystery,
And 'Boz' appeared as *Dickens'* self."

As soon as the first number of the "Pickwick Papers" was launched (that is, in April, 1836), its author took unto himself a wife, the bride being Miss Catherine Thomson Hogarth, eldest daughter of Mr. George Hogarth, his fellow-worker on the *Morning Chronicle*. By her he had several children, and among those surviving are Mrs. Kate Perugini, a clever painter, and Mr. Henry Fielding Dickens, the eminent K.C. Mrs. Dickens survived her husband nine years and five months.

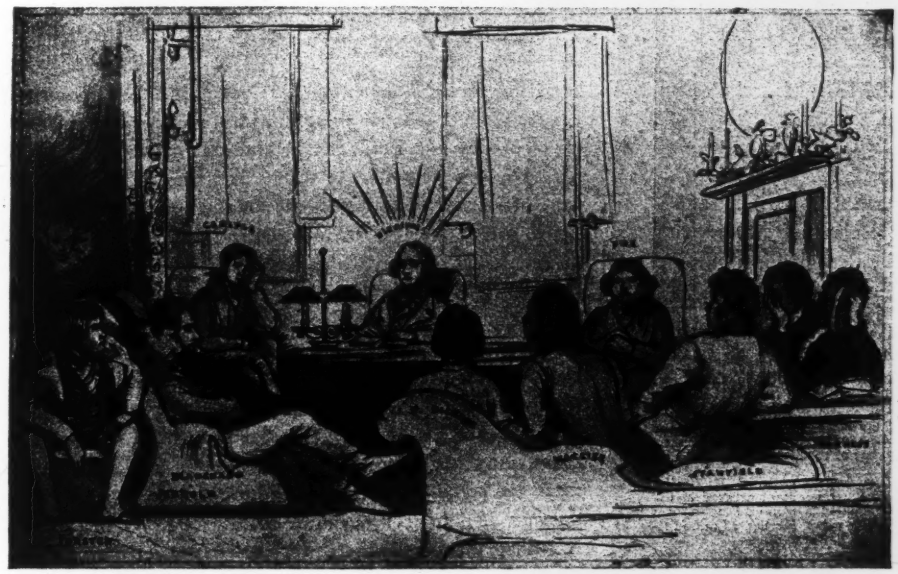
CHARLES DICKENS IN 1844.

From a Miniature by Miss Margaret Gillies, exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1844. Engraved on wood by R. Taylor for *The Magazine of Art*.

"Strange to say, this interesting miniature has mysteriously disappeared, probably buried in some private collection."—F. G. Kitton, in *The Magazine of Art*.

(Reproduced from *The Magazine of Art*, by kind permission of Messrs. Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

Before the last of the twenty numbers of "Pickwick" was launched, the author became a public favourite. Certain sage prophets foretold that as "Boz" had risen like a rocket, he would of a surety fall like the stick. But, as events proved, they were wrong, for Dickens not only became the most popular novelist of the 'thirties and 'forties, but, by the sheer strength of his genius, maintained that supremacy. Story after story flowed from his pen, each characterised by originality of conception, each instinct with a love of humanity in its humblest form, each noteworthy for its humour and its pathos, and nearly every one "a novel with a purpose," having in view the exposure of some great social evil and its ultimate suppression. Following "Pickwick" came "Oliver Twist," attacking the Poor Laws and "Bumbledom"; "Nicholas Nickleby," marking down the cheap boarding-schools of Yorkshire; "The Old Curiosity



CHARLES DICKENS READING "THE CHIMES" TO HIS FRIENDS AT 58, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, MONDAY, THE 2ND OF DECEMBER, 1844.

From the Engraving by C. H. Jeens, after the original Sketch by Daniel Maclise, R.A.

"An occasion rather memorable, in which was the germ of those readings to larger audiences by which, as much as by his books, the world knew him in his later life."

("The Life of Charles Dickens," by John Forster. Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.)

Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge"; "Martin Chuzzlewit"; "Dombey and Son"; "David Copperfield"; "Bleak House," holding up to ridicule and contempt the abuse of Chancery practice; "Little Dorritt"; "A Tale of Two Cities"; "Great Expectations"; "Our Mutual Friend"; and, finally, the unfinished fragment of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," to which Longfellow referred as "certainly one of his most beautiful works, if not the most beautiful of all." Of his many minor writings, special mention should be made of the attractive series of Christmas Books, the first of which, "A Christmas Carol," has become almost a text-book, and we know that, by the reading aloud of this touching little allegory to enthusiastic audiences, Sir Squire Bancroft has afforded substantial aid to many deserving charities. Dickens is appropriately termed "the Apostle of Christmas," and it is undoubtedly true that his Yuletide stories were the pioneers of Christmas literature.

Having thus briefly reviewed the literary career of Charles Dickens, it becomes almost essential to consider him from a personal and social point of view, in order to thoroughly realise what manner of man he was. Referring to his personal characteristics, Forster says that to his friends (and their name was Legion), Dickens was "the pleasantest of companions, with whom they forgot that he had ever written anything, and felt only the charm which a nature of such capacity for supreme enjoyment causes everyone around it to enjoy. His talk was unaffected and natural, never bookish in the smallest degree. He was quite up to the average of well-read men, but as there was no ostentation of it in his writing, so neither was there in his conversation. This was so attractive because so keenly observant, and lighted up with so many touches of humorous fancy; but with every possible thing to give relish to it,

CHARLES DICKENS AS CAPTAIN BOBADIL IN "EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR."

From the Painting by C. R. Leslie, R.A. Exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1846.

"Though Dickens had the title to be called a born comedian, the turn for it being in his very nature, his strength was rather in the vividness and variety of his assumptions, than in the completeness, finish, or ideality he could give to any part of them."—Forster's "Life of Charles Dickens."

"A rendering of Dickens as Bobadil was painted by C. R. Leslie, R.A., who has represented Dickens seated upon a sofa, dressed in the picturesque costume of 'the bearded swashbuckler and braggadocio of Ben Jonson,' the moment selected being when Tib enters announcing the arrival of a visitor, and the Captain shouts out—

"'A gentleman! Odds so, I am not within.'" (Act 1, Sc. 3).—F. G. Kitton, in "Charles Dickens by Pen and Pencil."

(Reproduced from *The Sketch*, by kind permission of the London Electrotype Agency.)

there were not many things to bring away." He thoroughly endorsed the axiom that "what is worth doing at all is worth doing well." He was most methodical in his habits, and energetic to a degree. "In quick and varied sympathy, in ready adaptation to every whim and humour, in help to any mirth or game, he stood for a dozen men. . . . His

"I KNOW HIM! MARLEY'S GHOST!"

"The same face, the very same Marley in his pigtail, usual waistcoat, tights, and boots; the tassels on the latter bustling, like his pigtail, and his coat-skirts, and the hair upon his head. The chain he drew was clasped about his middle. It was long and wound about him like a tail; and it was made (for Scrooge observed it closely) of cash-boxes, keys, padlocks, ledgers, deeds, and heavy purses wrought in steel. His body was transparent, so that Scrooge, observing him, and looking through his waistcoat, could see the two buttons on his coat behind."

(Reproduced from "A Christmas Carol," by kind permission of Messrs. Putnam's Sons.)

versatility made him unique." Concerning the Novelist's personality, the following testimony has recently been placed on record by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, a surviving member of the "Dickens Brigade" of young men who revered him as "the Master": "I say advisedly there was, and never could be, so genial, amiable, unaffected, and untiring a person in his treatment of friends and guests. He was always eager to listen rather than to speak—to take a second or third place; more anxious to hear, rather than to tell, an amusing story. His very presence was enough, with the bright, radiant face, the glowing, searching eyes, which had a language of their own, and the expressive mouth. You could see the gleam of a humorous thought, first twinkling there, and had a certain foretaste and even understanding of what was coming; then it spread downwards—the mobile muscles of his cheek began to quiver; then it came lower, to the expressive mouth, working under shelter of the grizzled moustache; then, finally, thus prepared for, came the humorous utterance itself!"

Dickens was intensely fond of the Drama, as evidenced not only by the frequent reference in his writings to theatres and actors, but by the fact that he himself was an actor of

an exceptionally high order, and it is conceded that had he adopted the Stage as a profession he would have attained first rank. Indeed, it was by the merest accident that he did not enter the profession, for, when he was about twenty, he applied for an engagement to the stage-manager at Covent Garden Theatre, and an appointment was made, which Dickens failed to keep on account of a terrible bad cold. After that he never resumed the idea. In later years he became the leading spirit of a wonderful company of Amateur Actors, who, on one occasion, performed before her late Majesty Queen Victoria, by special request. Sir John Tenniel is now the sole survivor of that merry confraternity.

As a Reader, too, Dickens stood prëeminent. It has lately transpired that his very first public Reading took place, early in the 'fifties, at Chatham, in aid of the Rochester and Chatham Mechanics' Institution, and the subject of the Reading was the "Christmas Carol." He gave public Readings from his own works both in Great Britain and America, and an entertaining account of these tours may be found in Mr. George Dolby's volume, "Charles Dickens as I knew him." There can be no doubt that the mental tension caused by these Readings (which covered a period of some fifteen years), supplemented by the strain of literary and editorial labours, curtailed the brilliant career of England's greatest Novelist. It was at his charming rural retreat, Gad's Hill Place, near Rochester (his home from 1856), that Charles Dickens breathed his last, on June 9th, 1870, in his fifty-ninth year. "Before the news of his death even reached the remoter parts of England," says Forster, "it had been flashed across Europe; was known in the distant continents of India, Australia, and America; and not in English-speaking communities only, but in every country of the civilised earth, had awakened grief and sympathy. In his own land it was as if a personal bereavement had befallen everyone." Although he himself would have preferred to lie in the small graveyard under the ancient wall of Rochester Castle, or in the pretty Kentish churchyards of Cobham or Shorne, public sentiment favoured the suggestion that the mortal remains of Charles Dickens should be interred in Westminster Abbey; and there, in Poets' Corner, they were laid to rest, quietly and unostentatiously. What Carlyle said of him, a few days later, will meet with universal acceptance:—

"The good, the gentle, high-gifted, ever-friendly, noble Dickens,—every inch of him an Honest Man."

BEATRICE HELEN BARMBY.*

By Dr. Stefansson.

IN various ages and countries attempts have been made, from time to time, to transfuse into modern dramatic form the high-strung lives of the men and women of the Icelandic Sagas. Yet, in spite of the intense dramatic interest inherent in these characters, the great authors who have endeavoured to recreate them as flesh and blood, in plays and stories, have, it must be admitted, invariably failed. Oehlenschläger's Danish "Kiartan and Gudrun" is pervaded by a weak sentimentality and passion torn to tatters utterly at variance with the Saga spirit. Tegner's Swedish "Frithiof's Saga" is a collection of lovely lyrics. Ibsen, in his one Saga drama, "The Warriors of Helgeland," has reached the clear-cut terseness and restraint in language characteristic of the Saga, but his attempt to weld several Sagas together in one plot is fatal, and the result is that his *dramatis personæ* leave one cold, and are not instinct with the breath of life. This is not the case in "The Pretenders," which is Ibsen's nearest approach to success in the Saga style. But there he deals with Norwegians of the thirteenth century, with a post-classical time.

Edward Brandes and Holger Drachmann have written dramas based on the Sagas, too modern and realistic in treatment; while German writers, such as Felix Dahn and Gleim, are incapable of the restraint so essential to a writer dealing with subjects from the Sagas.

It may, then, safely be said that the severest touchstone of true gift, of true genius, is to succeed where such men have failed, or at least to approach appreciably nearer than they to what must be considered the ideal in such matters. It is a hard task to breathe warm life into the utterly

* Beatrice Helen Barmby: Gisli Súrsson, a Drama, Ballads and Poems of the Old Norse Days, and some Translations. With a preface by Professor F. York Powell. (Archibald Constable and Co. 1900.)

LITTLE PAUL DOMBEY.

From the Engraving designed by Hablot K. Browne ("Phiz.")

"Awaking suddenly, he listened, started up, and sat listening.

"Florence asked him what he thought he heard.

"'I want to know what it says,' he answered, looking steadily in her face. 'The sea, Floy, what is it that it keeps on saying?'

"She told him that it was only the noise of the rolling waves.

"'Yes, yes,' he said. 'But I know that they are always saying something. Always the same thing. What place is over there?' He rose up, looking eagerly at the horizon.

"She told him that there was another country opposite, but he said he didn't mean that; he meant farther away—farther away!

"Very often afterwards, in the midst of their talk, he would break off, to try to understand what it was that the waves were always saying; and would rise up in his couch to look towards that invisible region, far away."—"Dombey and Son."

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unmodern characters of the Sagas. They are so unlike us. They walk the stage of life as if impelled by fate, cold and statuesque as marble, yet ready at any time to sacrifice all to one great passion. They suppress and hide this passion, not because they are ashamed of it, but because to them it is unmanly to let others see that they are greatly moved.

"SOMEBODY TURNS UP."

From the Etching by Hablot K. Browne ("Phiz.")

"'This is a day to be remembered, my Uriah, I am sure,' said Mrs. Heep, making the tea, 'when Master Copperfield pays us a visit.'

"'I said you'd think so, mother,' said Uriah."

"I had begun to be a little uncomfortable, and to wish myself well out of the visit, when a figure coming down the street passed the door—it stood open to air the room, which was warm, the weather being close for the time of the year—came back again, looked in, and walked in, exclaiming loudly, 'Copperfield! Is it possible?'

"It was Mr. Micawber! It was Mr. Micawber, with his eye-glass, and his walking-stick, and his shirt-collar, and his genteel air, and the condescending roll in his voice, all complete!"—"David Copperfield."

(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.)

Therefore, passion with them breaks out as a flash of lightning, revealing the inmost recesses of their minds. In spite of the veneer of conventionality and respectability this is an essentially English quality, one of the many marks of close kinship between the two races.

William Morris, with all his love for the characters of Saga time, clung to externals only, and shrank back, as well he might, from the task of creating in his mind human souls to live in the great dead forms. It was out of the reach of the smooth story-teller. He understood the simplicity of these characters, but not their passion, their real greatness. He, also, failed.

An Elizabethan dramatist would have understood the characters better than Morris, but he would have gone to the opposite extreme. Instead of letting them glide along the placid stream of the story, he would have burst open all the floodgates of passion in order to give the reader a taste of the strength of it. And, after all, this would have been as untrue to the characters as Morris' treatment. For in the Saga the tragic terror rises out of the lives themselves, inevitable as fate, and as gradually as a peak rises out of the tableland of Iceland itself. The first would fail for excess, the second for want, of passion. And in neither case would the characters come so near us that we could feel their grief and share their joy. *Vestigia terrent.* We shall now turn to the drama to be reviewed.

In "Gisli" one thing strikes us, at the outset, after a first reading. The authoress has had the courage to do what hardly any of her predecessors have ventured on. She has kept faithfully and closely to the Saga she had chosen, in plot and in character drawing. Ibsen himself has tampered with the Sagas he chose to dramatise, and others have made alterations according to their own ideas of poetic justice. This initial fault, common to all her predecessors, has been avoided through the clear intuition and psychological judgment of the authoress. The localisation and order of the events conforms strictly to the Saga, and there is shown in details an unusual and full knowledge of Icelandic life in those early times. Yet there is no antiquarian overloading. Only the necessary details are given, and all is concentrated on the development and drawing of the characters.

If one compares the prose of the Saga with the play, scene by scene, it becomes apparent how the little hints and touches of the Saga, revealing each character, are skilfully taken, welded and amplified into a psychological whole. Never did an author show such reverence for the source from which he drew his inspiration. That the characters should be so lifelike and human, at the same time that they are as close as can be to the Saga,—this is a triumphant proof, if one were wanted, of the consummate literary art of these old-world stories, and no less of the intuitive genius of the authoress which led her to embody their art in her drama.

Has the authoress succeeded in breathing into these strange characters the breath of life? Do their motives and actions touch us as nearly as those of characters in our own time? The answer of the reader of this moving tragedy is not doubtful. From the time the evil seed is sown to the culminating catastrophe it unfolds itself, gradual, inevitable, full of pity, full of terror at the end. A restraint, like that of the Saga, keeps passion within bounds. There is no trace of weakness, no tinge of sentimentality. Aristotle declared that a tragedy must harrow with pity and fear. This tragedy appeals as much to the heart as to the head. It is, incontestably, the strongest, truest, and most faithful dramatisation of an Icelandic Saga that has yet been made in any language.

But the pity of the tragedy is made keener, even to those who did not know the gifted authoress, by her own untimely death. The loss to her nearest and dearest, to her friends, to English literature is irreparable. The maturity and high qualities of the master mind that could come nearer to success than the great men who tried to dramatise Icelandic Sagas cannot be questioned. I venture to predict that there

will be imitations of the one masterpiece that she has so far given to the world. Regret is keen and bitter when one thinks what she might have done had long life been granted to her. It was not granted. But she is a pioneer who leads the way. She has unearthed the pure gold of the Sagas. Where others saw fossils, old-world dry things, she has shown us strong, loving, tender human souls. No quarry in the world is so precious as this. Others will come and dig in it. She has set the example.

A NOTE OR TWO FOR READERS OF WORDSWORTH.

A BRIEF account of three scarce pamphlets, and of an unpublished letter from Wordsworth to Lord Lowther, which have lately come into my possession, may be interesting to some of your readers. One of the pamphlets is a poem by John Barlow, "teacher of languages, geography, and the globes," on the loss of the *Earl of Abergavenny*, East Indiaman. It has no date, but was published at Weymouth, most probably in 1805. The *Earl of Abergavenny* was commanded by John Wordsworth, the poet's brother, and he was drowned in her on the 5th February, 1805. She was outward bound, in charge of a pilot, and struck on the Shambles in a gale, a strong westerly tide having taken her out of her course. John Wordsworth was a brave seaman. After the affair between Linois and Captain Dance, when Wordsworth, in the *Abergavenny*, helped to beat off Linois, a purse of 500 guineas and a sword were awarded him. He was greatly beloved by William and Dorothy. Writing to Sir G. Beaumont on the 20th February, 1805, William says of his brother: "Of all human beings whom I ever knew, he was the man of the most rational desires, the most sedate habits, and the most perfect self-command. He was modest and gentle, and shy even to disease; but this was wearing off. . . . His eye for the beauties of nature was as fine and delicate as ever poet or painter was gifted with—in some discriminations, owing to his education and way of life, far superior to any person's I ever knew." "I can turn," says Dorothy to Mrs. Marshall a month later, "to no object that does not remind me of our loss. I see nothing that he would not have loved and enjoyed. . . . My consolations rather come to me in gusts of feeling than are the quiet growth of my mind."

Mr. Barlow's verse is not much above the level of the metrical contributions to a small provincial paper, and it is not singular that he does not seem to be aware that Captain Wordsworth had a relative who was the author of the "Lyrical Ballads."

The second pamphlet is "A Correct Narrative of the loss of the *Earl of Abergavenny*, by G. A. Burgoyne, Esq., Cornet in the 8th Regiment of Light Dragoons." Cornet Burgoyne was one of the survivors of the wreck, and gives full particulars. There were 402 persons on board, and, according to a nominal list which he prints, 231 were drowned. Professor Knight says, "Everyone on board perished" (Poems of W. W., iii. 71). Burgoyne's testimony to the character of John Wordsworth is remarkable. "He was certainly one of the mildest men I ever observed; he justly deserved the title of Philosopher. . . . I was, at the time the ship was sinking, close to the captain, when Mr. Baggot, the chief mate, came to him and said, 'Sir, the ship is going down; we have done everything to save her.' To which the captain answered, 'It cannot be helped.'"

The third pamphlet is, "A correct and full account of the trial of Mr. John Hatfield, who married the Beauty of Buttermere, and who was convicted of forgery at Carlisle Assizes, on Monday, August 15, 1803." Liverpool, no date. De Quincey, with a little embellishment, tells us something of Hatfield's story in his "Recollections of the Lakes and the Lake Poets," and the Beauty of Buttermere is the subject of a touching episode in the *Prelude*. Hatfield was an adventurous swindler, who suddenly appeared in the Lake country in 1802, and gave himself out to be Colonel Alexander Augustus Hope, the brother of the Earl of Hopetoun.

CHARLES DICKENS IN 1851.
From an Etching after a Daguerreotype by Mayall.
This was taken at the time when Dickens was writing "David Copperfield."

The real Colonel Hope was at that time abroad. Hatfield signed bills of exchange, and franked letters under Colonel Hope's name, and married Mary Robinson, of Buttermere, although he had a wife living. According to the evidence at the trial, "he conducted himself with singular propriety, and always made it a point to attend public worship." In fact, he made friends with Mr. Nicholson, the chaplain of Lowes water, who went with him to Whitehaven to obtain a license for the marriage. At last he was confronted with a Mr. Hardinge, who knew Colonel Hope. He escaped, but was apprehended, convicted of forgery, and hung. The prosecuting counsel was Mr. Scarlett, afterwards Lord Abinger. Hatfield is described as "of a handsome and genteel person, and his behaviour in court was proper and dignified; and he supported his situation, from first to last, with unshaken fortitude. He has a handsome face, blue eyes, and fair complexion." He made a speech to the jury, complaining that "for the space of nine months he had been dragged from prison to prison, and torn from place to place, subject to all the misrepresentations of calumny." But he protested that "whatever might be his fate, he would be content." What kind of a nervous organisation must this man have had? He asserted he was member for Dumfriesshire; the Earl of Hopetoun was Governor of Edinburgh Castle; Colonel Hope was no stranger to the North of England; and the impostor must have known that he would be detected ere long, and that the penalty was death, but he amused himself with boating and fishing, and visiting the people in the neighbourhood. One of his letters to Mr. Nicholson, written a few days before the meeting with Judge Hardinge, deserves reproduction, at least in part:

LONGTOWN, *Monday Evening, 4th Oct.*, 1802.

VERY DEAR AND REVEREND SIR,—We arrived here on Saturday evening, about eight. Went to the church on Sunday; and Mr. Graham, the brother of Sir James, gave us one of the finest lectures I ever heard. We attended his evening discourse, at the end of which he addressed me, begging I would not return to my quarters without a light, and his footman stood ready with one. All this hurried my dear Mary a little; but nothing can be more pleasing than the *manner* she at all times possesses. To-morrow evening we may perhaps proceed further; but Mrs. Hope likes the quietude of this place much, and her wishes are my laws. In the churchyard we found the following inscription, which I copied on purpose to send you, thinking it may amuse some of our friends. Pray read it to Dr. Head, and present my best respects:

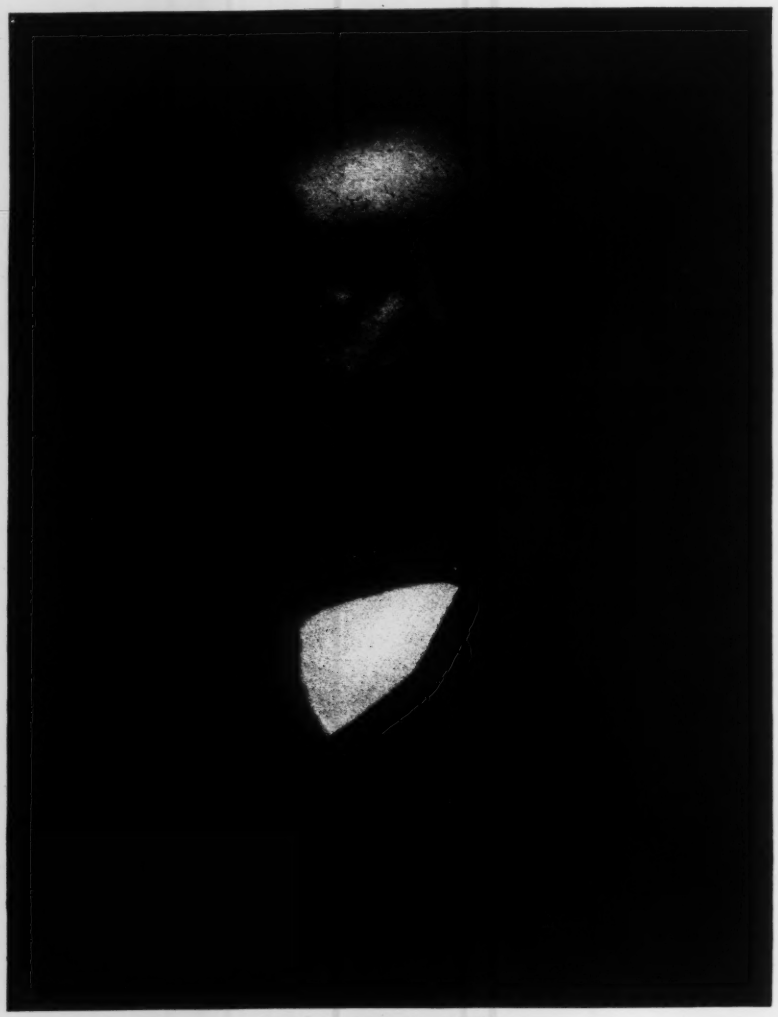
"Our life is but a winter's day;
Some only breakfast and away;
Others to dinner stay, and are full fed;
The oldest man but sups, and goes to bed:
Large is his debt who lingers out the day;
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay."

. . . . I find happiness is not very loquasive (*sic*), so this will be a short letter; let us have a long one as soon as possible, addressed for Col. Hope, M.P., Post-Office, Longtown, Cumberland, and you will greatly oblige

Very dear and Reverend Sir,
Yours most truly,
A. HOPE.

Dorothy Wordsworth passed through Carlisle on the day on which Hatfield was condemned, and notes in her *Recollections*: "I stood at the door of the gaoler's house, where he was; William entered the house, and Coleridge saw him. I fell into conversation with a debtor, who told me, in a dry way, that he (Hatfield) was 'far over-learned'; and another man observed to William that we might learn from Hatfield's fate 'not to meddle with pen and ink.'" She repassed Carlisle on September 24th, and the entry is: "Stopped to look at the place on the sand near the bridge where Hatfield had been executed. . . . Everybody spoke of him as an injured man." Wonderful are the sympathies of an English mob!

The letter is from Wordsworth to Lord Lowther, dated 14th February, no year, but internal evidence shows that it must have been 1837. Wordsworth asks whether anything can be done for his youngest son, and then goes on: "As

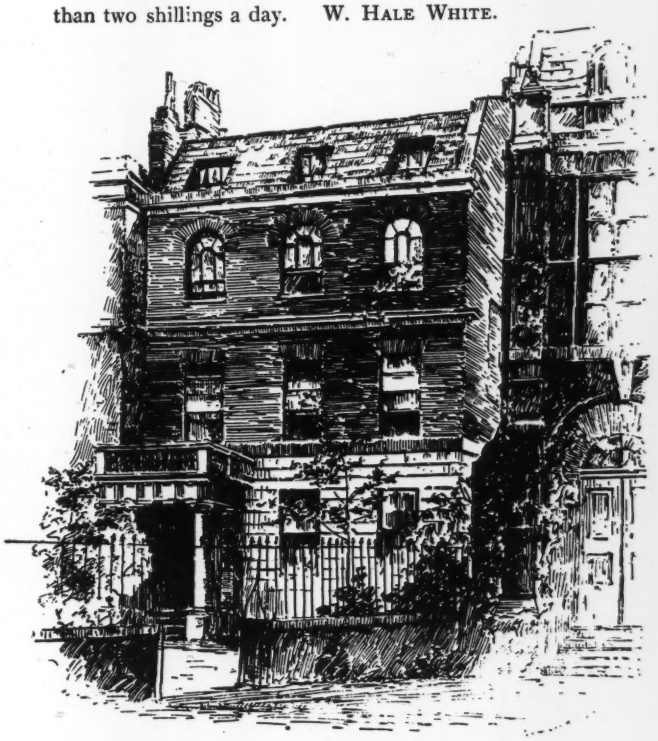


CHARLES DICKENS IN 1855.
From the Painting by Ary Scheffer.

This famous portrait was exhibited in 1856 in the Royal Academy, and in July, 1870, was purchased by the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery, where it now hangs. Dickens himself considered it "a fine spirited head, painted at his [Scheffer's] very best, and with a very easy and natural appearance in it. But it does not look to me at all like, nor does it strike me that if I saw it in a gallery, I should suppose myself to be the original. . . . . As a work of art, I see in it spirit combined with perfect ease, and yet I don't see myself. So I come to the conclusion that I never *do* see myself."
(From Augustin Rischgitz's Collection.)

to the Civil Pension List, under no circumstances would Mrs. Wordsworth, myself, or any of my family, desire such a thing—rather let me say accept it. In fact, it would not be necessary. My wife and daughter, in case of my death, would be left in circumstances equal to their *very* moderate wishes. I have not laid up anything—my literary distinction, such as it is, having involved me in unavoidable expenses, without bringing a pecuniary equivalent. I have, however, insured my life for £2,000, and have not spent my own little patrimony nor my wife's—but during the life of Mrs. W. and my daughter nothing could be spared for my sons, which makes me so anxious, on account of the younger especially." Now, in 1837, with the exception of the *Prelude*, a notable exception, it is admitted, almost all the poems on which Wordsworth's fame rests were before the world, and the "Lyrical Ballads" were thirty-nine years old; but the statement in the letter as to the profit the poems brought him is probably correct. The edition of 500 copies in 1820 was not sold for four years. In September, 1833, Wordsworth writes to Kenyon:

"I find, by my publishers' account, which I received the other day, that the last edition of my poems owes us conjointly (my share being two-thirds) nearly £200. The edition was 2,000, of which not quite 400 had been sold last June." In 1835, Moore records, under an "I think," that Wordsworth had not received more than £1,000 for all his poems; but Moore only "thinks," and we do not know what the net receipt was. In 1836 Moxon gave £1,000 for the complete edition of that year; but we are in the dark as to the exact terms. In 1842 Wordsworth believed that Moxon had lost heavily on this edition, and calculated that his poetical work had been paid for at less than two shillings a day. W. HALE WHITE.



TAVISTOCK HOUSE, TAVISTOCK SQUARE.
(Recently demolished.)

In which Dickens resided for nearly nine years, dating from November, 1851. Here "Bleak House," "Hard Times," a part of "Little Dorrit," and "A Tale of Two Cities" were written.
(From "Rambles in Dickens-Land," by R. Allbut. Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. S. T. Freemantle and Co.)

CHARLES DICKENS, AET. 47.
An Engraving by Robert Graves, A.R.A, after the Painting by W. P. Frith, A.R.A., in 1859.

This portrait was exhibited in the Royal Academy in the spring of 1860, and afterwards included in the Forster Collection at South Kensington, where it now finds a worthy resting-place. Dickens wrote of this picture in a letter from Tavistock House, dated May 31st, 1859: "It has received every conceivable pains at Frith's hands, and ought, on his account, to be good. It is a little too much (to my thinking) as if my next-door neighbour were my deadly foe, uninsured, and had just received tidings of his house being afire; otherwise very good."

(From "The Life of Charles Dickens," by John Forster. Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.)

NEW BOOKS.

TOVEY'S EDITION OF GRAY'S LETTERS.*

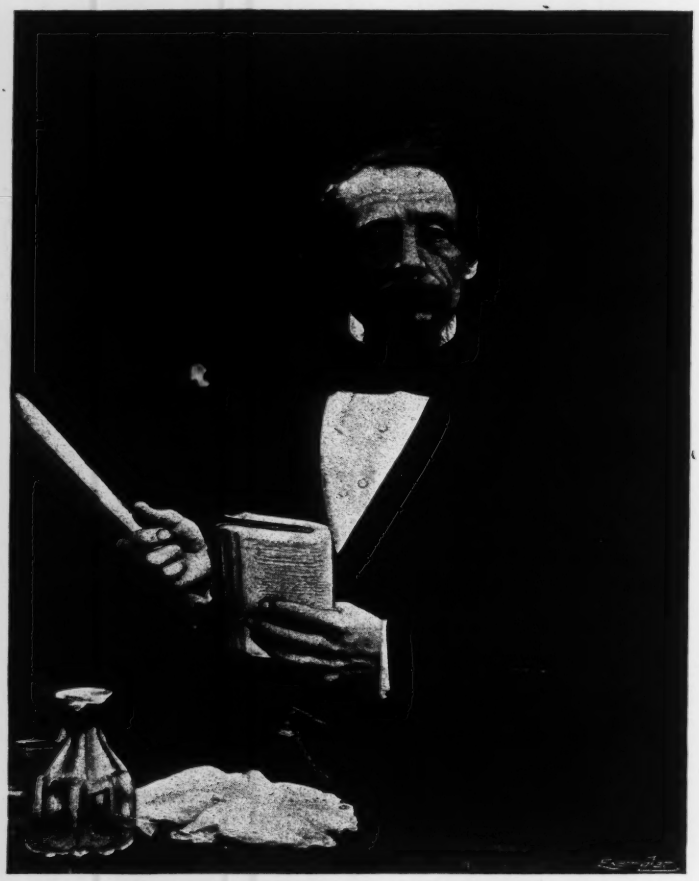
The editor of "Gray and his Friends" does but fulfil a general expectation by appearing as the editor of Gray's Letters, and every anticipation of the most sanguine and the most exacting is more than justified by this compact yet richly annotated volume. We have but one cause of complaint against Mr. Tovey, and this he can afford to disdain, for he reckons it among his merits. In our view, the care which he has exercised in preserving Gray's orthographical whimsies, his capitals in situations proscribed by modern usage, his sentence preposterously begun with small letters, his contractions merely made for economy of ink and paper, would have been exerted to much better purpose in weeding these out. We are unable to perceive that they contribute a particle of life or local colour to the text; and the implication they seem to convey, that Gray is an obsolete writer to be edited with the scrupulous fidelity due to one not designed for general reading, appears to us as injurious to his reputation as inconsistent with fact. Luckily, he cannot always be treated thus, as many of his letters exist only in modernised transcripts. We would simply invite the reader to compare these with those which the editor has been able to render archaic, and say which he peruses with most ease and satisfaction.

We are also disposed to think that Mr. Tovey, though his

* "The Letters of Thomas Gray, including the correspondence of Gray and Mason." Edited by Duncan C. Tovey, editor of "Gray and his Friends," etc. Vol. I. 3s. 6d. (George Bell and Sons.) (Bohn's Standard Library.)

tone is invariably courteous and moderate, may have dealt too frequently with the real or supposed shortcomings of his predecessors, and that it may be time for Gray's editors to "drop their swords and daggers." The greatest allowance should be made for any one having to do with the minute handwriting of Mitford, elegant indeed, but which too often, like "Beauty's apparition," "puts on invisibility." We are half inclined to suspect an error from this cause in Letter XXXVIII., which, being printed without superfluous capitals or worrying contractions, seems to exist only in a copy. Here Gray speaks, or is made to speak, of "a vile little brook that stinks like a *fury*." Not having elsewhere found stench laid to the charge of the snaky sisterhood, we cannot help speculating whether he may not have written *fuzee*.

Not much, however, remains to be done for the text of Gray, and the test of each successive edition must be its annotation. We scarcely understand the tone of excuse, almost apology, which Mr. Tovey adopts on this subject. If there are really any readers who object to being told what they do not know, it would have been enough to have said that they did not enter into his contemplation. It is, of course, possible to bury a good book under a tedious commentary, but bright, judicious, and illuminative notes like Mr. Tovey's enhance the charm even of letters like Gray's as greatly as they facilitate their comprehension. Mr. Tovey might sometimes have earned the thanks of his readers by expatiating even further. We hope he will yet find an opportunity of doing justice to the memory of Bishop Keene, a great academical ruler and munificent prelate, who has suffered from what is probably the groundless gossip of Horace Walpole. How inaccurate Walpole could be is shown by his account of Clive's suicide on p. 247, which Mr. Tovey should hardly have quoted without pointing out its incompatibility with the true history. We can find nothing else to criticise except in a note on p. 257, where the accidental coalescence of two Greek words has produced a *vox nihili*.



CHARLES DICKENS GIVING A READING, 1861.
From a Photograph by Fradelle and Young.

Dickens gave his paid public Readings successively, with brief intervals, at four several periods, viz., in 1858-59, in 1861-63, in 1866-67, and in 1868-70.
"I must say [he wrote] that the intelligence and warmth of the audiences are an immense sustainment, and one that always sets me up. Sometimes, before I go down to read (especially when it is in the day), I am so oppressed by having to do it that I feel perfectly unequal to the task. But the people lift me out of this directly, and I find that I have quite forgotten everything but them and the book, in a quarter of an hour."
—"The Life of Charles Dickens," by John Forster.

Mr. Tovey justly points out in his preface that the genius of Gray was not so exclusively as is sometimes alleged repressed by the unpoetical character of his epoch, but that his own temperament was timid and fastidious. It is nevertheless true that much of this would have yielded to more genial and inspiriting influences than his age could afford. This appears, we think, from the instance of a poet of similar temperament and genius, Campbell, who was lifted by patriotic emotion and the general quickening of the human mind to heights which he could never have attained in the eighteenth century. The difference between eighteenth and nineteenth century modes of conception may be well illustrated by a comparison of Gray's description of the falls at Tivoli in Letter XXXVIII. with Shelley's picture of the cataract at Terni in the fourteenth of his letters from Italy. Gray is no less successful than Shelley in conveying a vivid impression of the scene; but we feel that he is Nature's delineator, and Shelley her interpreter.

RICHARD GARNETT.

PROBLEMS OF EVOLUTION.*

With increase of knowledge the difficulties attendant upon the attempts to frame a scheme adequate to correlate all the phenomena of organic nature have commensurably increased; and despite the wealth of illustration which the author of this interesting book has at his disposal, the problems of evolution remain as perplexing as ever. The theme is the all-sufficiency of Weismannism to account for the existing conditions in organic and psychic nature, but although the author has done the best that could be done under the circumstances, the results are necessarily inconclusive. The book consists of two parts. In the first, Mr. Headley travels, all too rapidly, over the general ground of evolution in the organic world. This part is unsatisfactory as falling between two stools. For those who are unfamiliar with biological phenomena the necessary condensation makes it not only unintelligible, but in parts misleading. It is professedly intended for the general reader, but it throughout assumes an amount of knowledge of terminology which that class of the public does not possess. To those familiar with the elements of embryology and zoology it is unnecessary, as it is ground over which they have had to tread in their ordinary course of study.

The second and more important part deals with human evolution in its widest sense. This section is very well conceived and more fully treated, but as in all other works on the subject, there is an inevitable tendency to substitute analogy for homology. The author is evidently a man of wide reading, who has thought much, and for the most part clearly, on the subject, and his selection of illustrations has been judiciously made.

The truth is that the material for generalisation is as yet insufficient to form a basis whereon to found a satisfactory theory, or one which in any way may be regarded as final. All hypotheses of the kind are, and must needs be, tentative, and hitherto every substantial increase in knowledge only leads one to see the inadequacy of preceding speculations.

* "Problems of Evolution." By F. W. Headley. 8s. net. (London: Duckworth and Co.)

CHARLES DICKENS IN 1861.

From a Lithograph by R. J. Lane, A.R.A., after a Photograph by J. Watkins.

This Lithographic Portrait was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1864. "It was an especial favourite with Charles Lever, who always esteemed it one of his most valued treasures."—F. G. Kitton, in his "Charles Dickens by Pen and Pencil."

In the early stages of biological knowledge Lamarckianism was supposed to supply the key to all difficulties. A little later Darwinism supplanted the older and cruder theory. Now the phenomena for which Darwinism in its original form failed to supply a sufficient explanation are supposed to be resolved by Weismannism, but even this in its present form does not satisfy all the conditions. To those who are engaged in the slow and laborious work of tracing out the ontogeny of single forms there are many facts known which cannot be brought under the general formula that embryology is simply a recapitulation of phylogeny, and those who have spent most time in unravelling the phenomena of variation in any one species find themselves confronted with difficulties which cannot be brought into line by any theory hitherto formulated. If this be so, as it is, in the simpler problems of organic life, how much more is it true in the domain of sociology and psychology where the data are so much more complicated and entangled. There may be a time in the distant future when there may be sufficient trustworthy data accumulated from which some new systematist with the genius of Darwin may frame some more satisfactory generalisations; but meantime it is wiser to work each one at his own department, exploring, examining, and testing until all the material which man's limited capacities allow him to investigate shall have been gathered together. Each new system has its advantages in suggesting new lines of research, but cannot claim finality until all these have been exhausted. A book like this is a useful résumé of the outstanding presently received facts which bear upon the theory, but cannot yet be regarded as enough to prove the all-sufficiency of any theory. This is not the author's fault, but the consequence of the existing imperfection of actual knowledge.

ALEX. MACALISTER.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF GILBERT WHITE.*

To the critical temper which requires a bibliography of the literature of Selborne, and could pick out from any recent addition all that does not occur in Dr. Aikin's edition, or in Professor Bell's, or in Jesse's "washings of sand where gold exists," the present collection of letters, with a sketch of the family history, and brief editorial comments and connecting notes, will appear much less authoritative than it might have been. And the compilation has faults patent to a less exacting student. In his preface Mr. Holt-White avows himself no naturalist: it was hardly necessary he should be one; but his note of astonishment (vol. i., p. 274) on the survival of the plough-ox and the sickle on Hampshire farms, shows an ignorance of the life of the south-eastern counties which is at least unfortunate. And though in one place he admits a disadvantage in being related to his subject, there is in truth a sort of nepotism recurring through the volumes, a proprietary attitude before which the ordinary reader feels himself to be a trespasser. Family feeling is an admirable trait; but surely the defence of a character like Gilbert

* "The Life and Letters of Gilbert White, of Selborne." By Rashleigh Holt-White. 2 vols. With Pedigree, Portraits, and Illustrations. 32s. (Murray.)

RESTORATION HOUSE (THE "SATIS HOUSE" OF "GREAT EXPECTATIONS").

Engraved by F. G. Kitton, from his own Drawing.

"'Enough House!' said I. 'That's a curious name, miss.'

"'Yes,' she replied; 'but it meant more than it said. It meant, when it was given, that whoever had this house, could want nothing else. They must have been easily satisfied in those days, I should think.'"

"To be sure, it was a deserted place, down to the pigeon-house in the brewery-yard, which had been blown crooked on its pole by some high wind, and would have made the pigeons think themselves at sea, if there had been any pigeons there to be rocked by it. But, there were no pigeons in the dovecot, no horses in the stable, no pigs in the sty. . . ."—"Great Expectations."

(Reproduced from "A Week's Tramp in Dickens-Land," W. R. Hughes, by kind permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.)

White's from the imputation of such crimes as unpopularity in the Oriel Common-Room and an unrequited attachment, might have been oftener left to the evidence of the letters themselves.

But perhaps there is less room for the bibliographer and the nicer critic on Selborne ground than on most other. Take the book as a whole, without care for distinction of new and old, or for controversy, and it is irresistible, a delightful pendant, with its human, homely interest in the village and "The Wakes," to the more formal "History." Here are noted the more or less punctual arrival not only of the *Hirundines*, but also of many nephews and nieces; barometer-readings and prospects of the hops are mingled with the doings of Molly White, of the fair Batties, of the "weeding-woman," of the press-gang, of the Highlanders of the 77th quartered in the village. Echoes of the outer world reach but cannot disturb the security of the Hanger guards; Burgoyne's Light Horse on the march to Portsmouth for the American war; the cataclysm in France; Gibbon's heresies, which a friend wants him to tackle, as one fitted to "confute a genteel writer in a decent way," are noted, together with the parish ailments and the ripening of the peaches on the fruit-wall. Even after subtracting the letters from Mulso (the tantalising wrong end of a correspondence), and the parts of the letters to Pennant omitted in the "Natural History," there remains an invaluable addition to White's work, helping us to understand the influence of that pure classic of leisured grace, of liberty in the *fallentis semita vitae* which charms us the more the farther it recedes from the temper of our days.

G. FORRESTER SCOTT.

A PORTRAIT OF CHARLES DICKENS ABOUT THE AGE OF 50.
From a Photograph by Mason and Co.
(From Augustin Rischgitz's Collection.)

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A JOURNALIST.*

The name of Journalist only partially covers the field of Mr. Stillman's activities and interests. Painter, writer, student, photographer, diplomat, special correspondent, friend of most of the celebrities in Europe and America during the last half century, he has seen and done and reported many and most varied things. Yet though we confidently send readers to his book for pictures of literary, artistic, and political life in America, London, Athens, Paris, and Rome, yet we have found the chief interest of the book to lie elsewhere. Mr. Stillman has really written an autobiography, not a mere record of external events; and it has been worth his while, for he has a personality, and, moreover, he has an intellectual and moral history of particular interest. In spite of all his intercourse with men of different nationalities, different ideals, different cultures, it is not the characterless cosmopolitan we hear talking in the end, but the American Puritan, sternly bred, nursed in an atmosphere of work and hardship and heroic piety. "It occurred to me that a human document, in which the development of a mind from the archaic condition of New England Puritanism to freedom of thought, by the evolutionary process, and without revulsions, honestly and unreservedly told, might be worth doing." That was his purpose, which he has carried out faithfully. But though he talks of evolution, he makes it plain that the influences of his youth have left an ineffaceable mark on him, and that they quite outmatch those of his later years. It would be to misrepresent his book to pick from it good stories and sayings of celebrities as samples of its contents. These are there in abundance, for Mr. Stillman has a good memory. But it is not the friend and associate of Emerson and Rossetti, of Gladstone and Ruskin, of Tricoupis and Lowell, and Crispi, and all the other great ones that leaves an impression on us, but rather the man of deep personal experiences, the child of his mother, a woman of intense and abiding faith, the seeker of solitude in the wilderness. Perhaps in Mr. Stillman we have a glimpse of that difficult, much-disputed species, the real American. We see him eager, active, ready, and practical, doing feats of journalism, ready to turn his hand and brain to a dozen things, keen in reading the bearings of a financial situation; yet intensely conscious of the invisible, of the concerns of eternity. He has faced many ups and downs of fortune serenely; after success has known want, and gone right on. "This habit of making no provision for accidents had been," he says, "a part of my moral training, the faith in the over-ruling Providence never forsaking me for an instant, so that, whatever I set about to do, I made no provision for accidents. To go ahead and do what I thought I ought to do, and let the consequences take care of themselves, has been the habit of mind in which I have always worked, and probably still work. If the thing to be done was right, I never thought of what might come after, or even whether I had the means to carry a resolution into effect, taking it for granted that the means would be provided because the thing was to be done." Take that with passages from another chapter, where he describes his life as a landscape painter in the Adirondacks, living under a bark roof, open to the air and snow, which fell on his bed at night. In the intervals of painting and of nature study he was absorbed in mental and moral problems. If the solution was not quick of coming he would fast till it appeared. This is not the preparation which an Englishman gives to the career of painting, or diplomacy, or journalism. But he came out of it hardy, indifferent to vicissitudes, inde-

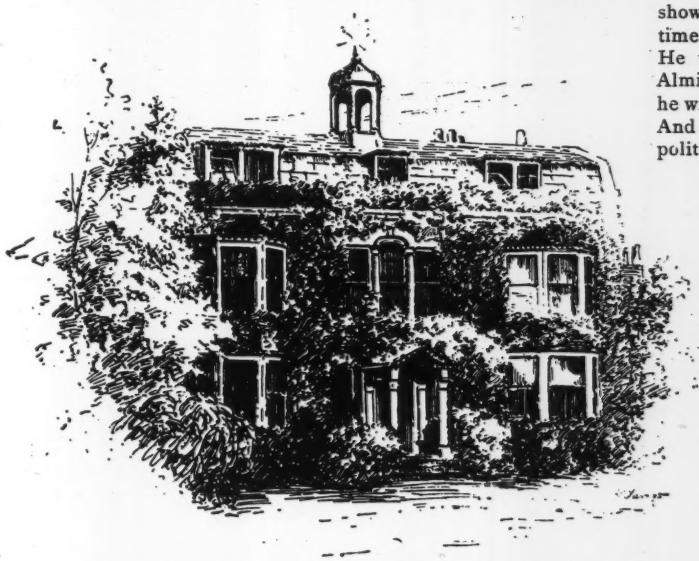
* "The Autobiography of a Journalist." By W. J. Stillman. 2 vols. 24s. (Richards.)

pendent. Not very buoyant, however. The intenser spiritual life that a Puritan upbringing breeds is apt to wear out a man's hopefulness, while it gives him endurance, and through Mr. Stillman's later eye is apt to look on many things somewhat pessimistically. Much of what appears here he has given us before in one form or another—notably, his low-spirited views on the present and future of Italy, of which his rather desperate faith in Crispi was but a symptom. Almost the last words of his book are, "Nothing less than the courage and abilities of a Cromwell could reform government in Italy, and, in the opinion of some of the wisest and most patriotic Italians I know, the task is hopeless and the decay inevitable." The bitter words may not be true, yet are natural enough in the mouth of one who did his good part in making Italy a nation.

Of the many interesting persons to meet with in Mr. Stillman's pages—and these all of them vividly represented—of the events in America, Greece, Crete, Montenegro, Italy, in which he was a principal actor, of his influence in European politics, through his connection with the *Times*, we cannot in a brief space give any adequate idea. We feel justified, indeed, in leaving with our readers the impression that this is a book that enshrines the personality of one man rather than of a crowd.

BISMARCK AS LOVER.*

If they were nothing else, these two volumes of letters, written by Bismarck to his wife over a period of nearly half a century, would be a wonderful new revelation of the vitality of the great Chancellor. Such constant occupation of his mind with domestic matters, such outpourings of his heart, such passionate anxieties about the things of home, surprise us who know the harassing strain, the many-sided demands of his public life. But they do more. They charm us, and reveal secret sources of power in the great man we had hardly suspected. Bismarck is a very serious lover, an anxious lover, a lover who respects his mistress enough to wish to share suffering as well as joy with her. But through



GAD'S HILL PLACE, NEAR ROCHESTER, KENT.

The last residence of Charles Dickens, where he wrote "The Uncommercial Traveller," "Great Expectations," "Our Mutual Friend," and "The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

On this residence Dickens had fixed his choice in his boyish days. It had always held a prominent place amid the recollections connected with his childhood. Forster says that 'upon first seeing it as he came from Chatham with his father, and looking up at it with admiration, he had been promised that he might live in it himself, or some such house, when he came to be a man, if he would only work hard enough.' It is pleasant to record that this ambition was gratified in after life, when the dream of his boyhood was realised.

(From "Rambles in Dickens-Land," by R. Allbut. Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. S. T. Freemantle and Co.)

all his letters, be they outcries of loneliness—there were long periods of separation in the early days of marriage—or allusions to the wear and tear and complexity of his public duties, there is a vivacity and a dominant note of strength and heroism stimulating and contagious. The correspondence strikes an individual note from the first, where he accompanies a request of Fraülein von Puttkamer's hand from her father by a solemn profession of his religious faith. "I am

MRS. CHARLES DICKENS.

From a Photograph by C. Watkins.

The Novelist's widow died in 1879.

fixedly and manfully determined to seek peace with every man, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord. That my footsteps are as sure as I could wish them to be, I dare not assert; I regard myself rather as a cripple, who will stumble, but whom the grace of the Lord will uphold." He shows himself a religious man, after the fashion of an earlier time, feeling the hand of God in all the events of his life. He was the doughtier fighter that he saw the eye of the Almighty on him, ready to punish or to succour. In anxiety he writes: "I pray to God, in the Chamber and in the street." And the man was a fighter with himself as well as with political rebels. To his mother-in-law he says: "Only the grace of God can make one person out of the two in me, and so strengthen His redeemed portion in me that it shall kill the devil's share. . . . God will certainly stand by His portion, that it may remain master of the house, and the other shall only show itself in the hall." His faith gave him the confidence that made him so terribly formidable. "I am God's soldier, and whither He sends me thither must I go, and I *believe* He sends me, and that He shapes my life as He needs it."

Politics sound no very loud note in the letters. He demanded of his wife apparently that she should make some sacrifice of home happiness as his helpmeet in the public service; but while he talks freely of his interests, he does not drag her into a whirlpool, which seems in the early days, at least, to have somewhat frightened her. The maker of the German Empire is hardly audible; but now and then we hear the stern upholder of law and order, and feel convinced, perhaps for the first time, that Bismarck's dislike of literalism in politics was something more than a well-sustained political game. After the troubles of '48, he writes: "Yesterday Mallie and I were in the Friedrichshein, and I could not forgive even the dead, my heart was so filled with bitterness at the idolatry practised about the graves of these criminals, where every inscription on the crosses prates about 'Freedom and Right,' a mockery to God and men. It is true, I say to myself, that we are all sinful, and God alone knows how He may try us, and Christ our Lord died for yonder rebels too; but my heart is full of resentment when I see what these murderers, at whose graves the Berlin citizens worship idolatrously to this day, have made of my fatherland."

* "The Love Letters of Prince Bismarck." Edited by Prince Herbert Bismarck. With Portraits. 2 vols. (Heinemann.)

CHARLES DICKENS, CIRCA 1864.

(Reproduced from *The Favourite Magazine*, by kind permission of Messrs. Paul Naumann, Ltd.)

But it is the voice of the husband, and the father, the man who never ceased to be a lover, that is uppermost, asking anxious things about the children, their morals, their happiness, their teeth, picturing the life he loves best outside the turmoil of statecraft. "I was for a moment withdrawn from the disorder, and with you in a cosy little room, with the child and our mother, with water boiling for tea and nice eggs." No good bourgeois could have been more sympathetic about the little matters of home. He is meddlesome—tells Johanna not to wear her clothes too tight—often arrogant, boyish, sentimental, cocksure, but always passionately affectionate and loyal to his "anchor to the right side of the shore."

THE SUCCESSORS OF DRAKE.*

This goodly octavo of nearly 500 pages is practically a third volume to the two which appeared on "Drake and the Tudor Navy." A work so monumental, however popular and opportune the subject, or entertaining the treatment, must naturally appeal more to the expert than to the general reader. But no one who has enough leisure and interest in its story will regret having gone all through it, for its excessive minuteness has a comfortable, satisfying, De Foe flavour. And the present volume deals with a neglected period, which, like most neglected periods, turns out to be highly important. This covers the last years of the war, from Drake's death in 1596 to that of the Queen. Mr. Corbett calls it a "period of splendid failures," and argues convincingly against the popular view, as represented by Professor Seeley, that Spain was still prostrate from the loss of her Armada, and that the triumphant English Navy was doing pretty much what it pleased. In reality England was staggered by the remarkable recuperative efforts of Spain. The ornamental, clumsy, old-fashioned Armada was no great loss after all; for the Spaniard at once set to work to found that excellent navy whose fame lasted till Trafalgar. The expedition to Cadiz is always considered a crushing blow, but the very next year Spain had three Armadas ready for action. Nothing decisive resulted from all our buccaneering and naval guerillas. The Queen and her Council could not make out why this war with a beaten foe kept dragging on for years.

Following Captain Mahan—how did our ancestors manage to exist without Captain Mahan and umbrellas?—in his theory of the limitation of naval power, Mr. Corbett shows that the navy had done all that a navy could do, and that it was for armies, not navies, to bring the war to a successful close. He seems to attribute this view to Essex, Mountjoy, and others, and indeed gives a favourable impression of the chief leaders, excepting Raleigh, whose services in the war have certainly been much over-rated.

A good deal of invaluable new material has been taken from the as yet uncalendared Hatfield MSS., and much careful and curious information (as, for instance, on the progress of artillery and armaments) will be found in the book. It is illustrated by several useful plans, and by portraits; that of Essex, by an unknown hand, being remarkably fine. But the most interesting is a group of two wily old councillors, Buckhurst and Nottingham, and young Mountjoy. What painter, one asks, could have been inspired to arrange the figures in this unheard of, yet telling manner, and with this strangely sumptuous background? Alas! none at all. It turns out to be only a corner cut off from Marc Gheeraedt's picture of the plenipotentiaries in the National Portrait Gallery.

* "The Successors of Drake." By Julian S. Corbett. 21s. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

VENETIAN HISTORY AND MANNERS.*

In 1858 Mr. Hazlitt published his first studies on the history of Venice. They were followed up by a work in four volumes two years afterwards; and these 1,600 pages may be considered as the second and final edition sent out at forty years' distance from the appearance of the original. No one is competent to judge—though many others will enjoy—a vast production of this kind unless he has made himself familiar with the documents on which Mr. Hazlitt constructs his narrative. Since 1860 the Venetian State Papers—there are said to be fourteen million in the archives at the Frari alone—have become more and more accessible. Mr. Rawdon Brown's *Calendar* is well known. Romanin has completed his *Storia Documentata*. The *Diaries* of Marino Sanuto are nearly all in type. And Count Papadopoli is printing his great work on the Money of Venice. Over and above these enormous stacks of paper, we see rising an ornamental fretwork, signed by Ruskin, Fergusson, Howells, H. F. Brown, Addington Symonds—to mention no others—who have described the architecture, painting, customs old and new, of this unparalleled city. Mr. Hazlitt appears to have read everything, forgotten nothing, and used his own judgment to very good purpose.

The plan followed is that of a chronicle which comes down to the year 1797, and occupies over 1,100 pages. Some 500 more are devoted to a clear and copious description of the laws, the Constitution, the army and navy, the coinage, trade, education, public and private life of the Venetians, from as far back as the evidence will take us. But no attempt has been made to travel again over the ground which Ruskin and the critics have already surveyed in their studies of the Old Masters. We should have been grateful, nevertheless, had Mr. Hazlitt undertaken a particular account of St. Mark's and given us a plan of the Ducal Palace. More illustrations would have enhanced the value of a work which deserves, as no doubt it will take, a permanent place in every large library. The charm of Venice has always been scenic and picturesque, one might even say theatrical. It appeals to the eye, to the imagination, beyond Florence, nay, beyond Rome, and is the city of pictures and pageants. But Mr. Hazlitt seems to take for granted that all educated Europeans know Venice by sight.

CHARLES DICKENS, CIRCA 1864.

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The author writes with grace and fluency; he is never tiresome, although in so long an enterprise there was need, more than once, of compression, and it may be said that he goes forward with a slack rein. His most eloquent chapters,

* "The Venetian Republic: its Rise, Growth, and Fall." By W. Carew Hazlitt. In Two Volumes. 42s. net. (London: A. and C. Black.)

as we should expect, tell us of the dramatic and breathless episode known as "the War of Chioggia," when the Sea City was all but captured by the Genoese. English readers, to whom such names as Vettore Pisani and Carlo Zeno convey not the shadow of an idea, will rise from this part of Mr. Hazlitt's book instructed and, one hopes, impressed. It is animated, noble, and sympathetic. An earlier story, well and brilliantly rehearsed, is the taking of Constantinople by the Crusaders under Henry Dandolo. Yet a third is the famous War of Candia. And we should draw attention to the excessively romantic colour which lights up the French and Venetian conquest of Greece. To this day, as one travels in Peloponnesus, the remains of mediæval Norman castles, perched on rocks and commanding wide prospects over sea and land, strike the eye with astonishment. Venetian traits are yet conspicuous in Corfu and Athens. Gibbon has touched on these delightful reminiscences with his own power and charm; but Mr. Hazlitt fills up the canvas. It is much to say that we read him, even after Gibbon, not unpleased.

For its manner, its learning, and its judgment—as it appears to me—this monumental work deserves hearty commendation. At the same time, as the author is not a Catholic, I feel that when he deals with the religious temper of the Venetians, he does not go much below the surface; he is a little disposed to overlook their intense but unaffected enthusiasm; and he would have done well to give specimens from the *Acta* of their guilds and confraternities which might show us to what an extent their faith was intermingled with their daily life. Not that Mr. Hazlitt speaks scoffingly or is at all Voltairian; but he is, I think, somewhat conventional when these subjects call for treatment, and stands outside them. Quite another question is raised by the name of Frà Paolo Sarpi—if there was leisure to handle it. But there is not; and I must content myself with hoping that a large number of students may enjoy the story of Venice here faithfully set out as much as I have done. A lifetime has gone into it; and while it will clear away the popular misconceptions, I believe it will strengthen our sympathies for a nation which once taught England to be civilised, but now has something to learn from her.

WILLIAM BARRY.

THE LIFE OF MRS. LYNN LINTON.*

Mr. G. S. Layard's Life of Mrs. Lynn Linton is an interesting presentment of a remarkable woman. The biography is all the better for the fact that Mr. Layard's admiration for his literary lady does not go so far as blind hero-worship. All life-stories are sad, and this one is, in a way, sadder even than most. A splendid partisan and fighter, Mrs. Linton was, withal, intensely illogical; of deep affections and fervent in friendship, she was also vehement, impulsive, exaggerated; full of a divine rage against what she elected to hold wrong—hers was hardly that "sweet, continual control" that is so excellent a thing in woman.

The history of Mrs. Lynn Linton's life is, from the beginning, a history of contradictions. For the rebuking prophet of the modern and revolted young woman was herself, strange to say, a "revolting daughter." The youngest of a North-country vicar's twelve motherless children, she showed, from the first, a turbulent, independent spirit. On the eve of running away from home to "seek her fortune," a reluctant consent was wrung from her father, and she went, with parental toleration, to a lonely struggle for life in London lodgings. Here her militant literary spirit found favour in the eyes of her first editor. She embarked, under his ægis, boldly on the journalistic sea and began to make those numerous literary friendships and (it must be confessed) literary quarrels in which her after life abounded. Though her first editor, indeed, who had welcomed her with oaths, soon "shook his fist in her face" in thorough old-fashioned Thackerayan journalistic style, she soon found others more accommodating, and thus continued through long years a constant flow of articles on all subjects that, like the widow's cruse, never failed. Nevertheless, through it all, she found time for some oases of leisure. Among these was her friendship with the old poet, Walter Savage Landor, then living, solitary, in Bath. While the girl's friendship with the lonely, wrong-headed old man forms one of the most attractive chapters in the book, perhaps the most interesting portion refers to her strange marriage in 1856 with Mr. W. J. Linton, the engraver. A widower, and ten years the lady's senior, Mr. Linton appears to have been a curious mixture of socialistic "crank" and literary Skimpole. His motives were of the highest, and his six children ran wild, long-haired and strangely clad—a ménage, surely, something like Leigh Hunt's own. Miss Lynn, seeking, with would-be maternal altruism, to reform this wild family, found, apparently, the task too hard for her. The couple parted after some six or eight years, and, though living on into old age, never met again. This is strange. Mr. Linton, whose "Memories" were published in 1895, throws no light on the subject. Yet the lady can hardly, one thinks, have left Mr. Linton because he would not wear collars, and failed to come down to breakfast in time! Neither can Mr. Linton have left his wife because, as he told a sympathetic friend, she disappointed him by being "just as enthusiastic about Lord Palmerston as she was about Garibaldi." Mr. Linton was a thorough Bohemian; his wife had social aims; he loved Brantwood (the Lake-land home afterwards sold to Mr. Ruskin);

AN INTERESTING LITTLE PICTURE OF CHARLES DICKENS DRIVING WITH MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY.

(Reproduced from *The Favourite Magazine*, by kind permission of Messrs. Paul Naumann, Ltd.)

she loved London; and finally, the engraver-propagandist, who was the sort of person who "chose an exceedingly incompetent gardener because he had beautiful blue eyes," had six children, about whose training he entertained odd notions. Thus, the marriage foundered on hidden rocks, and husband and wife parted, to live in separate continents; yet, strangest of all in this "strange, eventful history," to write one another loving and regular letters for the space of some thirty years, till death, in fact, dissolved the mysterious partnership. Here is a touching letter, written by the old man from his American home in 1892:

"....So you dream of the old lover! Was it not all a dream? Beloved! One looks back on life as if it were no more than that—the long seventy, the long eighty years only dreams of the night. .... What matters it! It seems to me enough to live in good repute, and to have still so much of love—the most, dear love, from you. Thank God for memory.—Your old lover, your true, loving friend, W. J. LINTON."

Such a letter, written by a bridegroom of eighty to a bride of seventy, when neither have met for nigh thirty years!

Mrs. Linton's chief crusade was against the "Girl of the Period." For years the battle went on; Mrs. Linton was, above all, a fighter. Yet even here, in the principal work of her life, she is illogical; and one often doubts whether, like Balaam of old, she was not half inclined, after all, to bless where she cursed. For Mrs. Linton's natural sympathies were plainly all on the side of the emancipation she professed to contemn. Her favourite friends of both sexes, from her "beloved little B.A." (Miss Beatrice Harraden) to Mr. William Woodall—her "very dear friend and

* "Mrs. Lynn Linton." By George Somes Layard. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. (Methuen.)

enemy"—belonged to the opposite faction. Hence, no doubt, her real enemies have declared her attitude to the "New Woman" generally to be a "pose"; but, if a pose, it was at any rate an unconscious one. Other motives, too, there may have been, of which Mrs. Linton herself dreamed not. That she was prone to feminine jealousy, her unkind, almost spiteful, allusions to "Marian Evans" show; and, similarly, may not Mrs. Linton, by some sub-conscious cerebration, have grudged to the "New Woman" that "Higher Education" that, according to her own showing, she was not able to enjoy herself? Of such mixed feelings are even the best among us made! And when, in unfortunate zeal, she published the novel called "The One Too Many," in which Girton girls are made to drink brandy, smoke, swear, and otherwise misconduct themselves, the new young women arose in their wrath. But Mrs. Linton had gazed—a modern Frankenstein—so long by now at her monster, that she probably entirely believed in it! Here, again, are the eternal limitations of the feminine temperament! The passionate heart still burning, the undisciplined reformer still battling, through age and infirmity, against mainly imaginary evils—all has its tragic intensity of pathos. Between the lines of Mr. Layard's book one seems to read that hers was a loving heart, embittered by the circumstances of unkind fate.

SIR W. W. HUNTER'S HISTORY OF BRITISH INDIA.*

This second volume of what was to have been *the* great History of British India comes to us with almost tragic memories. Marked out by his long and brilliant career as pre-eminently the writer best fitted to tell the whole story of India from the earliest times to the close of the nineteenth century, William Wilson Hunter had made all his preparations for the gigantic task when his manuscripts were lost in the wreck of the *Nepal*. Beginning anew, he resolved to confine his work to the British portion of the history, from Queen Elizabeth to the Queen-Empress Victoria. After ten years of preparation, he last year published the first of five projected volumes, from the closing of the old trade paths to India in 1516 and the foundation of the East India Company in 1600, to the end of the struggle with the Dutch for the Eastern Archipelago in 1623. I then described the book as marked by passages on the highest level of historical narrative and ethical criticism. The author had intended to bring the history down to the battle of Plassey, in his second volume. The subject grew upon him so that he had not reached a later date than 1698, when, most unexpectedly, death cut short his toil at the comparatively early age of sixty years. Mr. P. E. Roberts, Oxford, his Secretary, has worthily added a ninth chapter, which brings down the history to the union of the two competing East India Companies in 1708. Who will complete it—whether the same editor or Mr. Vincent A. Smith, of the same India Civil Service, as I have heard—time will show. Meanwhile, it is satisfactory to learn that W. W. Hunter's Life is being written by Mr. F. H. Skrine, also a distinguished member of that Service.

In this volume the lamented historian's lucid arrangement and graphic style have lighted up the hitherto dull annals of the East India Company in the seventeenth century, even for the general reader. But this would not have been possible had not his task been made comparatively easy by a series of patient scholars who have analysed the old records of the India Office in the last twenty years, following the earlier example of Philip Anderson, the chaplain, in Bombay, and of J. Talboys Wheeler in Madras, not to mention the late James Long and Mr. W. S. Seton-Karr (still surviving) in Calcutta. Sir George Birdwood led the way in his Report on the India Office archives, first printed in 1878, and again in 1891. Sir Henry Yule, R.E., in 1887 prepared for the Hakluyt Society the priceless three volumes of "The Diary of William Hedges, Esq.," in Bengal (1681-1687), which Mr. Bohn found in a lot purchased at a sale. Since then three accurate investigators, G. W. Forrest, C. R. Wilson, and A. T. Pringle, have revealed in detail the actions and lives of the Company's servants and correspondents in the East from the voluminous Court Books of the Directors, which extend without a break from the year 1638 to the close of the Company in 1858. The "Letter Books" or dispatches sent out to India, and the "Original Correspondence" or letters sent home from India, and from factory to factory, besides the Rawlinson MSS. in the Bodleian Library, many volumes of the Historical Manuscripts Commission and transcripts of the Dutch records at the Hague, supply materials which would embarrass any writer less experienced than W. W. Hunter was.

A PORTRAIT OF CHARLES DICKENS TAKEN IN AMERICA, AET. 56.
From an Engraving by J. C. Armytage, after a Photograph by Gurney in 1868.
(From "The Life of Charles Dickens," by John Forster. Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.)

As the first volume proved that, in its beginnings, our Eastern Empire sprang from no freak of destiny, but was, on its human side, the result of indomitable endurance during a century and a half of frustration and defeat, this second tells the tale of the old London Company's attainment of commercial supremacy in the seventeenth century. So early as 1687 even the trading Court of Directors expressed their determination to found "a large, well-grounded, sure English dominion in India for all time to come." The words come on the reader of the early dispatches as a surprise, so contrary are they to the popular delusion that empire was forced on a succession of sordid traders against their will. Even Professor Seeley, in his charming lectures on "The Expansion of England" (1886), repeats that our acquisition of India was made blindly, that its conquest was accidental. The unveiling of the East India archives, Aitchison's Collection of Treaties, and the lives of the early traders, from Job Charnock to Robert Clive, show the fine instinct of imperialism which underlay, if it did not always direct, the career of these heroic founders. They were the willing, though not always the conscious, servants of the same Providence who has made the English-speaking race, in West and East, the rulers and tolerant civilisers of one-fourth of humankind.

In almost any other hands the century's story of strife and trade would have repelled the ordinary reader. Nowhere else, in our literature, can be found the true narrative, at once accurately and brilliantly written, of the foundation of the first Company's great capitals, Surat, Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta. Henceforth all must go to these pages who desire to see justice done to the great men to whom we owe our Eastern Empire, beginning with Cromwell at home, and Josia Child, Gerald Aungier, Francis Day, Streynsham Master, Job Charnock, and Thomas Pitt abroad. Learning, ripe experience, and literary charm mark almost every page of this volume, as the first. References to authorities and a detailed index complete its value. GEORGE SMITH.

* "A History of British India." By Sir William Wilson Hunter, K.C.S.I., M.A., LL.D., a Vice-President of the Royal Asiatic Society. Vol. II. 16s. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

NOVEL NOTES.

SIRIUS AND OTHER STORIES. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Miss Fowler first won approval from many of us by her vivacity; she bids fair to keep it by her versatility. In this volume she shows herself to us in many moods, and not the least appealing are those moods in which we have rarely, if ever, seen her before. Brightness, wit, and that sharpness of observation which is seldom unkindly, are all to be found in the more modern, every-day stories of this collection—in "Sirius," "Through Things Temporal," "A Miniature Moloch," and others. But it is in those pieces of writing which hold a touch of mysticism, or of the supernatural, that we feel the author has here done her most perfected work. "The Shepherd Guide" is one of the simplest, as it is one of the most beautiful stories Miss Fowler has ever given us. Here there is no strain, no artificiality. The little sketch is short, direct, and almost unadorned; but its very simplicity endows it with a force which more elaborate treatment would have robbed it of; and its clearness of style is more impressive than any brilliance attained by less natural methods could have been. In "The Ring of Elyn," too, "Madame," "The Story of Marina," touches of the supernatural lend much charm to the themes. With Miss Fowler's telling there seems to be nothing improbable in the fact that a ring picked up on Cornish sands should have power to change the nature of a priggish, commonplace man, as was the Rev. Theophilus Dixon; or that "Madame" after fifty years' sleep should awake again, still as a young girl of twenty, and confront her own portrait in the gallery of Treherne Court, a real figure in a scene of the French Revolution. Admirers of Miss Fowler's novels will find in this book her old charm of wit and vivacity; but they will find also other, newer merits among these one-and-twenty specimens of her talents.

THE SHADOW OF GILSLAND. By Morice Gerard. 3s. 6d. (Horace Marshall.)

QUEEN'S MATE. By Morice Gerard. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

These two novels by Mr. Gerard, brought together by an almost simultaneous publication, have otherwise many miles and years of difference between them. The first is a story of English north-country life a quarter of a century ago, and its characters are mill owners and operatives, poachers, gamekeepers, and the wives and daughters of a middle-class industrial community; the second, which is concerned with yesterday and the day before in the Courts of Germany and Holland (these states being thinly disguised under other names), is a cleverly-handled story of the more or less imaginary political schemes of an emperor and the love affairs of a queen. The first suffers from certain small crudities of style and construction; the second is marked throughout by such a matured and easy cunning that one naturally puts it down as the later work of the two. Over "The Shadow of Gilsland" lies the trail of "early Victorian" sentiment and melodrama. Its people are either all white or all black; there are no mixtures; and the good weep too easily, and the bad are too ready to go out of their way and exert themselves to do evil from which they cannot look to derive any advantage. That the villainous poacher Murdoch, merely to gratify an innate love of cruelty, would torment a harmless cripple and his sister, and could afterwards intimidate every one of his fellows at the mill and every one of their wives into boycotting the cripple's shop, rather taxes the reader's credulity. Withal, the whole narrative is full of life and colour and movement, and one feels it is perhaps somewhat hypercritical to give anything but praise to so healthy and enjoyable a book. "Queen's Mate" takes us at once into a larger world and a more modern atmosphere. It is an entirely charming romance, and altogether a more ambitious and more finished piece of work. All Mr. Gerard's illustrious personages are convincingly human: there is not a lay figure among them. Queen Helena herself is a very woman, lovable and tender, and delightfully feminine; her vivacious cousin Lucie is not less so, and nothing could be more happily idyllic than the wooing of these two by the reticent Prince Maurice and the downright English Duke of Longlands, while the amatory and financial entanglements of the Queen's other suitor, the handsome, profligate Prince Alexander, are effectively woven in with the sunnier threads of the story, which, both in design and workmanship, touches a very high level of achievement.

THE WHITE COTTAGE. By Zack. 6s. (Constable.)

The small white-washed cottage that stood on the cliff's edge, apart from the rest of the village, the cottage in and round which the story of Mark and Ben and Luce is twined, is a real feature of a real landscape. Zack has built it, stone by stone, in her imagination, and presents it whole and vivid to ours. A man and a woman lived in it; love flourished in it; trouble came to it. We first see it empty, we last look upon it empty; but between those two points of time it has been a home, and the scene of a life-story. There is no fault to be found with the book's title—it is the one demanded by the story—nor with the men and women in it. Mark, the conscientious, faithful lover, foredoomed, as it were, always to lack potency and influence, to miss success; Ben, the insistent, high-handed lover, winning love without pain of striving, winning success without deserving it; Luce, the girl of strong and simple passons and emotions, drawn against her will by the very personality of the less worthy man,—all these, and the lesser ones, are good work; work of the forceful, rugged kind which touched our hearts and demanded our approbation in "Life is Life" some years ago, and which we have not yet forgotten. The points in this story which do not win our entire approval are, first, the construction of it, and second, the actual theme. Now and again in "The White Cottage" Zack turns aside from the business in hand to probe the hearts she is revealing; this is not the way her strength lies, she is not easy at the task. Now and again she jerks with rather clumsy abruptness the thread of her narrative, and after a few ineffective sentences snaps it and starts afresh. This is particularly noticeable at the close of Chapter XVII. The other point, her theme, is one on which the author has perhaps every right to say, "I know best." But for our part we still wait with confidence to see her handle a really great story. She has the power, we know; and it is because of this knowledge that we dare to carp when she does not exercise it to the full.

VOYSEY. By R. O. Prowse. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Mr. Prowse has put a great deal of ability into the most thankless of all tasks—that of describing dull people, their habits, thoughts, and conversation with faithful accuracy. The hero, Voysey, is only dull in the sense of being unenergetic and low-spirited. His wits are quick enough. But he mingles his destiny with people who are all either half-genteel, or half-cultured, or half-passionate, or half-vicious; and he doesn't do anything himself to put the lights up. There hardly seems a whole heart or a whole conviction in the book. And in his endeavour to shun ideal or improbable dialogue, he gives us something so terribly near the real thing that we all but fall asleep. Yet Mr. Prowse has written it in a wide-awake mood, vigilant, keen-eyed, lest the smallest symptom of his grey-faced, grey-souled people should escape him. There is no good calling out to him on the futility of the lives he is watching. He knows it. Their futility seems their point of interest to him. But if we acknowledge his patience, and his cleverness, and his first-hand observation, he must not complain if we rush off from "Voysey" with an eager appetite for books that tell of strong, crude, primitive passions.

IN HIS OWN IMAGE. By Frederick Baron Corvo. 6s. (Lane.)

This is a book made only for devout and intimate lovers of Italy. To all others it must seem a farrago of impossible inventions. To the real Northerner it must also sound blasphemous. It is not blasphemous; the writer is a religious man, after the good fashion of the South, where angels and saints, and even the Higher Powers, are of such unquestioned reality that to speak of them familiarly is the only natural thing to do. On the other count, we admit the tales, or rather their setting, to be full of exaggeration. The magnificent Frederico and his boys are not human at all. He is a god, and they are beautiful fauns and wood and water spirits, the embodiments of grace, the reminders of Nature before

the Fall. Their life seems a long idyll. As a painter near Rome, with a band of boyish attendants, you can hardly realise him. And Toto—and the whole book is Toto—is no mortal lad. He is Apollo. He is Genius given shape. Not even in the most favoured land of all the earth at this hour can you quite soberly believe in Toto. But it is an exaggeration of a reality. The grace, the charm, the wonderful power of speech, of flashing images in a word—powers almost entirely absent from present-day literature in Italy—are still the possession of her uncultured people. How Toto has been preserved from the cynicism of the day—for he makes fun of the good Sampietro as a son of the Church may, if only he be devout enough at heart—is not explained. Perhaps because he is a poet, one of those great ones, who think that poetry is for every-day living, and not to shut up inside little printed books. But there he is, a fascinating, impossible, fantastic, and most amusing person, with the manners of a great lord, the wisdom of Pan, and the sensitiveness of a delicate woman—the flower of an old civilisation that long ruled the world by its genius. As for his stories of

EASTGATE HOUSE, ROCHESTER (THE ORIGINAL OF THE NUNS' HOUSE IN "THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD.")

"In the midst of Cloisterham stands the Nuns' House: a venerable brick edifice, whose present appellation is doubtless derived from the legend of its conventual uses. On the trim gate enclosing its courtyard is a resplendent brass plate flashing forth the legend: 'Seminary for Young Ladies. Miss Twinkleton.' The house-front is so old and worn, and the brass plate is so shining and staring, that the general result has reminded imaginative strangers of a battered old beau with a large modern eye-glass stuck in his blind eye."—"The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

("Rambles in Dickens-Land," by R. Allbut. Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. S. T. Freemantle and Co.)

frati and saints, and people wise and foolish, they are delicious. This unconventional, attentive, and vivacious reporter has done them justice, and made alive to us, while we are under his spell, some part of the very soul of Italy.

MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE. By Booth Tarkington. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. net. (Murray.)

We have here a pretty, dainty little tale, not very creditable to our English manners in the elegant times of Beau Nash, it is true, but containing so excellent a lesson on the deceitfulness of appearances that we must needs receive it heartily, though at the hands of a Frenchman. If the adventures of the gallant Duc d'Orleans be not founded on tradition, it is skilfully and gracefully invented. The book is ambitiously got up; but the pictures and decorations are better in intention than in execution.

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

JUNE, 1901.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

FIVE YEARS OF MY LIFE. By Alfred Dreyfus. 6s. net. (Newnes.)

This book will remain as a monument of human endurance and human magnanimity. It is heart-rending to read, and yet there is no whine in it from one end to the other. It is one long, incessant cry for justice, of longing for his wife and children, and of determination to hold out till the light should be flashed on the ugly business. "Ah, my children! I resemble a wild animal, over whose dead body the hunter must pass in order to reach its young." He can spare pity for his persecutors: "I have an immense pity for those who thus torture human beings." But a reader cannot echo this as he reads of treatment that would have been too evil for the vilest of creatures. There are few recriminations here, but the very isolation of his reproaches of Deniel his jailer on the Ile du Diable, must make that unhappy creature wish he had never been born. There is a terrible impressiveness in the bald narrative. The few sentences where he tells of his realisation of the tragic force of Shakespeare, read and reread while he waited, racked and tortured, for news that never came, of his reconstructing the integral and differential calculus in his determination that when justice should arrive, it should find him sane, are equal to volumes in their intensity.

COLLOQUIES OF CRITICISM. 3s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)

The anonymous writer of these dialogues has thought a good deal about present-day literature, freshly, freely, without obligations to one school more than the other. What he has to say is worth listening to by the average reader, while perhaps the average writer has still more to learn from it. Into the mouths of persons all more or less addicted to reading, and one or two the victims of the author-habit, he puts matter not particularly witty or amusing, but the cumulative effect of which tends towards good sense, sanity, and rejudgment of commonly received opinions. One of the best chapters, it seems to us, is that where Sir John marks off the greater novels from the lesser by their treatment of class differences. The cleverest of the lesser emphasise the difference, which is the chief matter on which their humour plays. The others soften and get rid of the differences of classes "by enveloping them in a common atmosphere." And "after all, the true comedy of life lies, not in social differences, but in our inexhaustible moral

THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

In future all criticisms of MSS. will be posted direct to the authors as soon as possible after receipt. Two coupons out from current numbers of "The Bookman" (see below), together with a stamped addressed envelope, must be enclosed with each MS.

All communications must be addressed to the Editor of the Young Authors' Page, "Bookman" Office, 27, Paternoster Row, London.

Terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application. Every endeavour will be made to return MSS., but should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.

absurdities." The speakers are hard on many of our modern poets; but the hard-hitting stimulates thought as well as combativeness. And the saying that the best poems of some of our prized verse-makers "are like so many articulate fainting fits," is meant to do more than raise a laugh.

THE QUEEN'S CHRONICLER, and other Poems. By Stephen Gwyan. 3s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

This is a pleasant collection of occasional verses. Mr. Gwyan writes of Brantôme, or of domestic matters, of public events and of nature, impartially, often with carelessness, now and then with real distinction. There is no unity perceivable either of subject or sentiment; but the versatility that he shows in his prose work is manifest here. Ireland inspires him best, we think, and other exiles will murmur after him:

"Pearly are the skies in the country of my fathers,
Purple are thy mountains, home of my heart.
Mother of my yearning, love of all my longings,
Keep me in remembrance, long leagues apart."

WISE MEN AND A FOOL. By Coulson Kernahan. (Ward, Lock.)

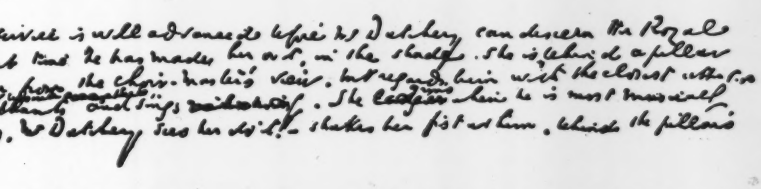
In spite of Mr. Kernahan's explanation in the preface, we think the title of his new book open to every one of the objections he tries to meet. But we would assure possible readers that the contents are neither sensational nor foolish. The earnest-minded estimates of what Emerson and Stevenson, George Macdonald and Mr. Watts-Dunton, Charlotte Brontë and Mrs. Browning have done for him, are worthy of sympathetic notice. The essays are not exhaustive accounts of the work of these writers; they touch on their specially human characteristics; they have a strongly personal note. And two of them, that on "A Nature Poet" (Mr. Watts-Dunton), and "A Poet who was not a Poet" (Emerson), are specially needed. There is a delightful freedom in Mr. Kernahan's pages from the taint of the literary coterie, and from the superciliousness that too often accompanies serious literary criticism. The portraits should have been better, or should have been omitted. That of Stevenson is quite unpleasant.

FIFTY YEARS OF CATHOLIC LIFE AND SOCIAL PROGRESS. By Percy Fitzgerald, F.S.A. In two volumes. (London: Fisher Unwin.) 1901. 21s.

Mr. Fitzgerald has written many books, and these two volumes, which deal with the story of Wiseman, Newman, Manning, and the Catholic Revival in England, are on a pattern well known to his readers. Sketchy and light in touch, they cover a large surface. To those who have not dipped into the special biographies from which they quote, many details will be fresh; but there are some inaccuracies, and the author holds a brief for Cardinal Manning, as against Newman, in controversies of which the issue cannot be briefly stated. Newman's letter on the death of Kingsley, which Mr. Fitzgerald thinks has not been published before, appeared in the *Times*. And, no doubt, other particulars require correction or verification. The best things in the book are the author's reminiscences.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: A Life Study in Criticism. By H. Bellyse Baildon. With Two Portraits. 6s. (Chatto.)

Another book on Stevenson, and that not the authoritative biography, cannot hope to escape a cool and searching examination of its merits. Mr. Baildon puts forward his early friendship with him as his claim to be listened to. Though he modestly says it is not for him to assert or maintain whether or not there is "anything novel or of value" in what he has written, his criticism is so serious in tone, his whole undertaking so well-intentioned, that it is with reluctance we come to the conclusion that the book is entirely superfluous. No fresh light is thrown on Stevenson's personality; no new information is given as to the events of his life. The literary judgments are heavy and trite. Full of a high enthusiasm for his subject, sometimes from sheer clumsiness he yet does him wrong, notably in one passage where his intention is to emphasise Stevenson's high respect for women, and where he says he "was no Burns or Byron, so far as we know." Was ever cautious statement so misplaced? For whoever has read Mr. Sidney Colvin, Miss Blantyre Simpson, and Mr. Cope Cornford on Stevenson, this new book has nothing to teach or to suggest. But it contains two interesting portraits, both, we believe, published for the first time.



FACSIMILE OF A PORTION OF THE MANUSCRIPT OF THE LAST PAGE OF "THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD," WRITTEN BY DICKENS, JUNE 8TH, 1870.

(From "The Life of Charles Dickens," by John Forster. Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.)

AN ENGLISH MISCELLANY. By Various Writers. Presented to Dr. F. J. Furnivall. 21s. (Clarendon Press.)

Age has its compensations, seemingly. To Dr. Furnivall, on his seventy-fifth birthday, came some fifty scholars and men of letters, bringing each his offering of the fruits of his brain. Professor Saintsbury and the Rev. Stopford Brooke addressed their friend in poetry; Dr. Bradley brought "a bunch of guesses" in the shape of pre-historic river names; Professor York Powell discoursed of Béowulf and Watanabe-No-Tsuna; Professor Skeat discussed "Andreas" and "Fata Apostolorum"; and so forth, till close on fifty articles of deep interest and genuine value, on philological or Early English subjects, had been contributed. The volume is admirably produced, and, in addition to the articles referred to, contains an excellent portrait of Dr. Furnivall himself, and a pleasant account of how the birthday was celebrated, written by Mr. A. W. Pollard.

THE GRAVE OF CHARLES DICKENS, IN POETS' CORNER, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

From a Sketch specially made for THE BOOKMAN.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

APRIL 15TH TO MAY 15TH, 1901.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

BURNETT, ALEX. G.—Our Late Queen Victoria, 3d. *Murray, Aberdeen*
[A memorial sermon preached in Kemnay Chapel, by one who had some personal knowledge of Queen Victoria.]

GANT, FREDERICK JAMES, F.R.C.S.—Modern Natural Theology, 2/6 net ..... *Elliot Stock*
[A book full of reason, thought, and suggestion.]

LEATHERDALE, REV. VINCENT J., M.A.—Responsiveness and Communion with the Blest, 1/- ..... *Elliot Stock*
[A little book with a high aim, dealing with the subject of spiritual comfort and happiness.]

LEONARD, WILLIAM A.—The New Story of the Bible, 1/- ... *Watts*
[Gives many interesting facts respecting the several books of the Bible, and many opinions which will probably meet with strong criticism.]

MACINTOSH, WILLIAM, M.A., PH.D.—Rabbi Jesus, 3/6 net *Blackwood*

SALMOND, STEWART D. F., M.A., D.D., &c.—The Christian Doctrine of Immortality, 9/- ..... *T. & T. Clark*

SCOTT, REV. C. ANDERSON, M.A.—Evangelical Doctrine Bible Truth, 6/- ..... *Hodder & Stoughton*

SPURR, FREDERICK C.—Jesus Christ To-day, 2/- ..... *Stockwell*
[A volume of studies, suggestive and convincing, of the Redemption. A sequel to the author's former work, "Jesus Is God."]

STALKER, JAMES.—The Seven Deadly Sins, 1/6 *Hodder & Stoughton*

FICTION.

"ALIEN."—Another Woman's Territory, 6/- ..... *Constable*

"AN EX-RECTOR."—"The Melita of the Midlands," 3/6 ... *Watts*
[A pleasant, discursive, humorous, yet curiously pathetic sketch of a clergyman's life for several years at his new parish in the Midlands. There is shrewd, observant writing in it.]

Aristocrats, The, 6/- ..... *Lane*

BABCOCK, WILLIAM HENRY.—The Tower of Wye, $1.50 *Coates, Philadelphia*

BAILEY, H. C.—My Lady of Orange, 6/- ..... *Longmans*

BARRETT, ALFRED.—The Golden Lotus, 6/- ..... *Macqueen*

BLISSET, NELLIE K.—The Sea Hath Its Pearls, 6/- ... *Hutchinson*

BLOUNDELLE-BURTON, J.—A Vanished Rival, 6/- ..... *Cassell*

BOLDREWOOD, R.—In Bad Company, 6/- ..... *Macmillan*
[The fiction in this volume is the least attractive ingredient. The autobiographical chapters and the pictures of bygone Colonial life have more real interest and worth. In these Mr. Boldrewood loses the artificial manner with which he occasionally annoys us, and, in his single-minded purpose merely to record facts, reaches an excellent simplicity.]

BRAMSTON, M.—The Banner of St. George, 6/- ..... *Duckworth*
[A praiseworthy attempt to revivify for us fourteenth century England. The revolt of the Commons under John Ball and Wat Tyler, and especially the struggle in the town of St. Albans, are described in a conscientious and, we are sure, accurate fashion. The story is to be read rather for instruction than amusement, but though the narrative drags sometimes, the matter is by no means dull.]

CLEEVE, LUCAS.—Plato's Handmaiden, 6/- ..... *Long*

CONDER, ARTHUR R.—The Seal of Silence, 6/- ..... *Smith, Elder*

COOPER, E. H.—The Eternal Choice, 6/- ..... *Pearson*

CORBET, R. ST. J.—The Burden of an Honour, 6/- ..... *Digby*
[A pleasant book, with many good persons in it, and a heroine who professes to dislike good persons. The dialogue is amusing, the picture of country life is natural; and from first chapter to last there is nothing to cavil at but occasional irrelevance.]

CROCKETT, S. R.—The Silver Skull, 6/- ..... *Smith, Elder*

CROMIE, ROBERT.—Kitty's Victoria Cross, 6/- ..... *Warne*
[A good, sensational tale of Irish life and methods, which leaves the heroine happy, but with a strong, if uncommon, distaste for the sight of a soldier's "jacket."]

CROWNINSHIELD, MRS. SCHUYLER.—The Archbishop and the Lady, 6/- ..... *Smith, Elder*

DAWE, C.—Claudia Pole, 6/- ..... *Hutchinson*
[Mr. Dawe strives desperately to make this a romance, but it is nothing more than a long-winded story of changing fortunes. The heroine, while a clerk in the city, receives the attentions of an aristocrat, who is doubtful, however, about marrying her. When she is adopted by a peer uncle, he proposes seriously, and is accepted. In spite of all the explanation given, the reader will find the ending a sordid one.]

DELANNOY, BURFORD.—Nineteen Thousand Pounds. Illustrated. 2/- ..... *Ward, Lock*
[The one case out of five thousand, of death while under the influence of gas, occurred in the room of Mr. Charles Legaloc, dentist, Finsbury Circus, at a time when he and his brother, Arthur Legaloc, M.R.C.S., were on the verge of bankruptcy. Change of identity occurs to more than one person in this tale; but nineteen thousand pounds is a likely sum to change any man, and that is the sum which works wonders and coincidences in this volume; it is effective even on the book-cover.]

DIX, BEULAH MARIE.—The Making of Christopher Ferringham, 6/- *Macmillan*
[Sword-play and heart aches and many stirring incidents went to the making of Christopher Ferringham's character, from the time of his arrival in Massachusetts from England till he gained his heart's desire. The tale is marked by quick interest, virility, and admirable restraint.]

DONOVAN, DICK.—Deacon Brodie, 3/6 ..... *Chatto*
[The gruesome life-story of a man who lived two lives, varying his council-meetings, and municipal and philanthropic engagements, with cock-fights, unscrupulous card-play, and other crimes of deeper dye. The chequered career and the shameful death are worked into an effective narrative by this experienced writer of crime and criminals.]

EGERTON, GEORGE.—Rosa Amorosa, 6/- ..... *Richards*

FARQUHAR, ANNA.—The Devil's Plough ..... *Macqueen*

FAWCETT, EDGAR.—New York, 6/- ..... *Sands*
[We are introduced to the hero while he is striving to obtain employment with, as his only credentials, a term of imprisonment at Sing Sing. Vivid pictures of New York low-life are given; touches of Unitarianism and Socialism are added; the upward struggle of a convict towards regaining public respect is realistically depicted; and a love-story threads its way through the volume. "A pink veil of colour seemed flung across the eager face." "In a sanctity of silence their eyes again met." That is the finale. Could anything be more satisfactory?]

FINDLATER, MARY, AND JANE HELEN.—Tales That Are Told, 6/- *Methuen*

FOWLER, ELLEN THORNEYCROFT.—Sirius, and Other Stories, 6/- *Hodder & Stoughton*

GARLAND, HAMLIN.—Her Mountain Lover ..... *Heinemann*
[An amusing tale of a rough Westerner, all heart and no manners to speak of, who goes on a business trip to Europe, has a polite romance, feels its incongruity, and finds his real partner in the far away West he started from. It is amusing, but hardly so graceful as the stories we sometimes get from Mr. Garland's pen.]

GIBBS, GEORGE.—In Search of Mademoiselle. Illustrated. $1.50 *Coates, Philadelphia*

HARTE, MRS. BAGOT.—A Daring Spirit, 6/- ..... *Digby*
[The "daring spirit" was very youthful, but it saved a life and made a will before it died. It bequeathed its mother to its great friend with most satisfactory results. The story is simple and readable.]

HARTE, BRET.—Under the Redwoods, 6/- ..... *Pearson*

HEATH, SETON.—A Stolen Wooing, 6/- ..... *Digby*
[Leonard is a thoughtful, awkward boy; Frank is bright and graceful. In time Leonard is a writer of a play; Frank is an actor in it. But the tragedy of the book begins with a holiday, where the friends slip, without foreknowledge or dress-suits, into high-life, which begins with borrowed plumage, and ends with broken hearts.]

HOCKING, SILAS K.—The Fate of Endilloe, 3/6 ..... *Warne*
[Mr. Hocking will again please his admirers. "The Fate of Endilloe" contains a sufficiency of incident, a fair picture of Cornish life and scenery, a manly hero, a beautiful heroine, and comedy to balance the sorrowful parts.]

HORTON, G.—Like Another Helen, 6/- ..... *Bowen-Merrill Co.*
[A story of the late war between Greece and Turkey, made in America. The writer is evidently familiar with the scenes he describes. He has high spirits, and his attitude towards the character of his own countrymen, or at least towards the New Englanders, is that of a candid friend.]

HUEFFER, OLIVER MADOX.—In Arcady and Out, 3/6 *Brimley Johnson*
[Delicate bits of finished writing. The work of an artist in words.]

HUME, FERGUS.—The Mother of Emeralds, 6/- *Hurst & Blackett*
[John Prynne went to Peru to find the *Mother of Emeralds*; Dick Amherst went to Peru to find John Prynne; Gerald Hazel went to Peru to find Dick Amherst. There were other little matters in the minds of the travellers, it is true, but these were the acknowledged motives. In consequence we have a really thrilling story of Peruvian life—and death. The Emerald is brought home, but not by John Prynne. John Prynne is found, but in the form of a mummy; and Dick, erstwhile scapegrace, lays down his life for his friend; Molly Prynne (for there *is* a heroine, whose worth is counted above rubies—or emeralds) marries the man of her choice; and another jewel "worth a king's ransom" is added to the list of those that have returned to their rightful owners after causing seas of trouble.]

HURRY, ALFRED.—In the City ..... *Macqueen*

JOHNSON, EFFIE.—Fact and Fable. Illustrated by Olive Allen. 6/- *Chapman & Hall*
[To come across such a book as this after the Christmas season is unexpected refreshment to a reviewer. Miss Johnson's delicate, graceful wrapping up of Truth in a glittering mist of her own imaginings is wholly charming. And Miss Allen's illustrations are exquisite examples of black and white work.]

LAURENCE, A. ST.—My Heart and Lute, 6/- *Hodder & Stoughton*

LEIGHTON, MARIE CONNOR, AND ROBERT.—In the Shadow of Guilt. Illustrated. 6/- ..... *Richards*
[Beautiful women and base ruffians well manipulated by experienced writers, may be counted upon to provide some striking situations. Here we have crime, suspicion, false evidence, and doings which made even a baronet shudder.]

LEYS, JOHN K.—A Sore Temptation, 6/- ..... *Chatto*

LOUGHNAN, J. P.—Mad? 2/6 ..... *Greening*
[A sensational story; a suggestion of predestination; an appropriate title. But why the note of interrogation?]

MARNAN, BASIL.—A Daughter of the Veldt, 6/- ..... *Heinemann*

MATHERS, HELEN.—Cinders, 6/- ..... *Pearson*

MCAULAY, ALLAN.—Black Mary, 6/- ..... *Unwin*

MCILWRAITH, JEAN N.—The Curious Career of Roderick Campbell, 6/- ..... *Constable*

MEYER, ANNIE NATHAN.—Robert Annys: Poor Priest, 6/- *Macmillan*

ORZESZKO, ELIZA.—The Modern Argonauts, 6/- ..... *Greening*

OUTHWAITE, R. L., AND C. H. CHOMLEY.—The Wisdom of Esau, 6/- ..... *Unwin*
[A good story. Australian bush-life is forcibly pictured, the trickery and fraud of land ballots exposed; and with these things for a background the authors have presented a stirring tale of toil and courage, a bush fire and an elopement, and the power of the human emotions.]

PHILLPOTTS, EDEN.—The Good Red Earth, 3/6 ..... *Arrowsmith*

PRICHARD, K., AND H.—Karadac, Count of Gerzy, 6/- *Constable*
[A romance of ancient Jersey, ably written and imaginatively constructed. Karadac is a fine hero, and his exploits must stir the hearts of all Jersey folk.]

PROWSE, R. O.—Voysey, 6/- ..... *Heinemann*

PRYCE, D. H.—The Pasha, 6/- ..... *Allen*
[The Turk has been so much abused of late, we are glad to see him get his turn as hero. Miss Pryce's Pasha is a charming and impressive character, and the story of the alliance between him and the ex-Newnham girl makes a very readable as well as unconventional book.]

QUEUX, WILLIAM LE.—Her Majesty's Minister, 6/- *Hodder & Stoughton*

RANDAL, JOHN.—Pacifico, 6/- ..... *Smith, Elder*
[The author, in spite of the assistance he so generously acknowledges, has conceived a good plot and himself written a good story. Disagreements in the respected merchant-house of Charlton Brothers led to the expulsion of John Charlton from his home; after which point, there is more of romance than commerce in the tale. An island in Italy named Felice, and a bottle of wine named Feliciolo, are the scene and cause of some pretty doings; and the red-headed hero after more than one alias comes out at the top finally, as Sir John Charlton.]

ROUSSEAU, V.—Derwent's Horse, 6/- ..... *Methuen*
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